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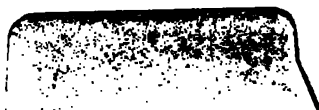
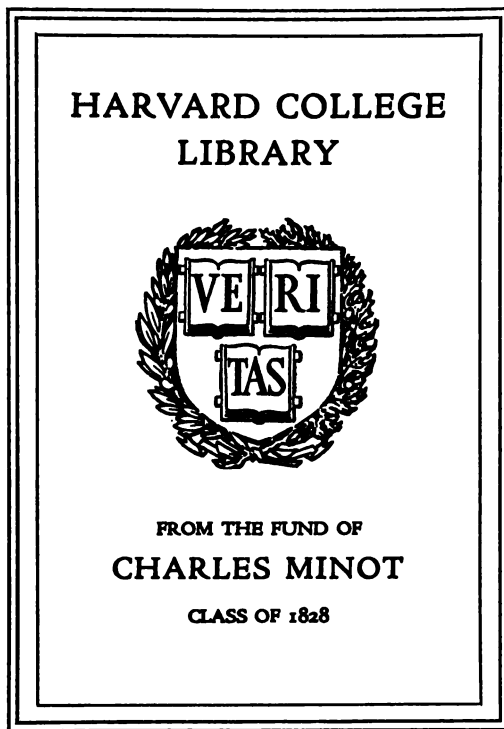
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Heine- Trip to the Brocken,
1881

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A TRIP TO THE BROCKEN.



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A

TRIP TO THE BROCKEN.

BY

HEINRICH HEINE.

TRANSLATED BY

R. MC LINTOCK.

LONDON: MACMILLAN & CO.

LIVERPOOL: ADAM HOLDEN, 48, CHURCH ST.

1881.

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TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

This Trip to the Brocken was made in the year 1824, but the story of it has in no sense suffered from the lapse of more than half a century. Poetry, irony, and fun, being the immediate products of the human mind, do not grow old in the same way as the carefully concocted manufactures of *les convenances*; fashion scarcely touches them. The imitation of Ossian—or Macpherson—will be enjoyed even by those who never heard of Ossian, so little known to our generation, but so much in the mouths of the sentimentally disposed of sixty years ago. This little work is complete in itself, but formed originally the opening piece of a collection of sketches of travel published at intervals from 1826 to 1831, under the title of *Reisebilder*, which title was retained in the edition

published a few years later in French. The present translation was undertaken in consequence of a remark in one of our leading reviews, that while many hands had translated scraps of Heine's verse, there had not been offered to the English public any connected or complete work, and the *Reisebilder* were suggested as being suitable. It will require only a very moderate amount of approval to induce the translator to continue what is to him a labour of love. Indeed, the labour will probably be continued in any case, the only doubt being as to publication.

Good!
v. a. h. 2. 3.

R. M. L.

Nothing is lasting but change; nothing constant but death.
Our every heart-beat makes a wound, and life would be one eternal
pouring forth of blood if the poet's art did not exist. That grants
us what Nature denies: a golden time that grows not dim, a fadeless
spring, cloudless happiness and everlasting youth.

Börne.

A TRIP TO THE BROCKEN.

FAREWELL TO CIVILISATION.

Coats of black and silken stockings,
Spotless linen, courtly, fair ;
Gentle accents, close embraces,—
Ah ! if only hearts were there !

Heart and love in every bosom,—
Love, warm love, in each heart swelling—
But they slay me with their ditties,
Nought but lying love-pains telling.

'Mong the mountains I'll go clamber,
Seek the lowly dwellings yonder,
Where my breast may open freely,
And the winds in freedom wander

'Mong the mountains I'll go clamber,
Where the dark green pine-trees soar,
Brooks are rustling, birds are singing,
Clouds sail proudly evermore.

So farewell to courtly chambers,
Smooth-tongued sirs and dames adieu !
'Mong the mountains I'll go clamber,
Laugh, and look far down on you.

The town of Göttingen, famous for its sausages and its University, belongs to the King of Hanover, and contains 999 fireplaces, divers churches, a lying-in hospital, an observatory, a lock-up, a library,—and a *Council-cellar*, where they keep very good beer. The brook which flows by is called the “Leine,” and in summer serves for bathing ; the water is very cold, and in some places so broad that when Lüder sprang across he must have had a very good run. The town itself is very handsome, and pleases most when one turns his back on it. It must have stood a long time now, for I remember that, five years ago, when I matriculated, and shortly afterwards graduated there, it had just the same old steady-going look that it has now, and was already fully provided with rattles,

poodles, dissertations, *thés dansants*, washerwomen, roast pigeons, Guelphic-orders, state-carriages, pipe-heads, and councillors of all sorts and conditions. Some, indeed, maintain that the town was founded at the time of the great migration, and that every German race left behind in it an unbound copy, and from these sprang all the Vandals, Frisians, Swabians, Teutons, Saxons, Thuringians, &c., &c., who still to this day flock along the Weenderstrasse in hordes, distinguished by the colours of their caps and pipe-tassels, fight among themselves on the bloody fields of Rasenmühle, Ritschenkrug, and Bovden, live out their lives now as in the migration days as to manners and customs, and are ruled partly by their *duces* (called "game-cocks"), and partly by their original statute-book—the "Commentary"—which certainly deserves a place in *legibus barbarorum*.

The general inhabitants of Göttingen may be classified as students, professors, Philistines, and cattle, but these four castes are not divided by any well-defined boundaries. The cattle-caste is the most important. It would take too much space to write out the names of all the students and professors, ordinary and extraordinary, regular and irregular—besides, at the present moment, I cannot remember all the students' names,

and among the professors there are many who have no name at all as yet. The number of the Göttingen Philistines must be very great—even as the grains of sand—or dirt—in the sea. Really, when I used to see them in a morning with their dirty faces, and their long white bills, at the door of the academic law-court, I could not in the least conceive how ever God Almighty came to create such a lot of ragamuffins.

Further particulars of the town of Göttingen may be gleaned at pleasure from Herr Marx's *Topography*. But though I lie under the deepest personal obligations to the author, who was my doctor and showed me much kindness, yet I cannot unreservedly recommend his book. I have to complain that he has not therein contradicted with sufficient vigour the unfounded opinion that the ladies of Göttingen have disagreeably large feet. For a year and a day I have myself combated this error. I have addicted myself to comparative anatomy, and consulted the most recondite and out-of-the-way books in the library; for weary hours I have taken notes of the feet of the lady passers-by in the Weenderstrasse, and in an exhaustive treatise which will embody the results of these studies, I hope to consider—

1stly. Feet in general.

2ndly. Feet among the Ancients.

3rdly. Elephants' feet.

4thly. The Göttingen ladies' feet.

5thly. I shall collect and set forth all that has been said in Ullrich's Garden about them.

6thly. I shall consider these feet in their relationships, and take occasion to enlarge on calves, knees, &c.

7thly, and lastly, if I can obtain paper sufficiently large, I mean to give *facsimile* engravings of the Göttingen ladies' feet.

It was very early when I left Göttingen, and the learned Dr. — was no doubt still in bed, dreaming, as usual, that he was walking in a pleasant garden, with parterres all a-bloom with little white papers with quotations inscribed thereon, that gleamed in the sunshine as if smiling at him, as he from time to time pulled them up and replanted them forthwith in other beds, while nightingales rejoiced his old heart with their sweetest songs.

Outside the Weender Gate I met two little native schoolboys, one of whom said to the other, "I shan't go with Theodor any more, he is a stupid; why,

yesterday, he could not tell what was the genitive of *mensa* !” Unimportant and trivial as these words may seem, I am compelled to set them down here ; yea, I would even have them written over the gate as a town’s motto ; for the young ones chirp as the old ones sing, and these words characterise exactly the narrow, dry, pedant-pride of the learned Georgia Augusta.

Along the road blew the fresh breeze of morning, and the birds were joyously singing ; by degrees I, too, grew fresh and joyous. I needed some such quickening. For long enough I had never left the pandect-stall, Roman casuists had wrapped my soul in grey cobwebs, my heart seemed immured in the iron clauses of egoistic law systems, the words “*Tribonian, Justinian, Hermogenian and Dummerjahn*” were echoing continuously through my brain, and a loving couple sitting under a tree I took for an edition of the *Corpus juris* with interlocked hands. It was just beginning to be lively along the road ; milkmaids were flitting about, and also donkey drivers with their grey slaves. Beyond Weende I met Schäfer and Doris—not the idyllic couple sung by Gessner, but a pair of well-fed University beadles, whose business it is to see that the students fight no duels in Bovden, and that new ideas, which always have to submit to a quarantine of some

decenniums' duration before being admitted into Göttingen, are not smuggled in by any speculative *Private docent*. Schäfer saluted me right academically; being proctor as well as beadle, he has frequently had occasion to mention my name in his half-yearly reports, besides which, he has often summoned me, and if he did not find me at home he was always good enough to chalk his summons on my room door. Now and then there rolled by a one-horse vehicle well packed with students off for a holiday, or for good and all. In a University-town like Göttingen there is a continual coming and going—a new crop of students every three years. An everlasting stream of humanity, in which each half-yearly wave drives on its predecessor, and only the old professors remain fixed amid the general commotion, firm as the pyramids of Egypt. Only in the University pyramids there is no wisdom concealed.

I saw two hopeful youths ride out from the myrtle bowers of Rauschenwasser. A female person who plies her horizontal trade in that quarter, accompanied them as far as the main road, patting with well-accustomed hand the lean ribs of the horses; she laughed aloud when one of the riders indulged in some facetious gallantry with his whip on the broadest part of her back, and then turned off towards Bovden.

The youths made for Nörten, pelting each other with wit, and singing sweetly the Rossinian lay, "*Trink Bier, liebe, liebe Lise!*" I could hear the tones for a long time, but the sweet singers themselves soon vanished completely from my sight, so terribly did they whip and spur their horses, whose character seemed to have a foundation of proper Teutonic deliberativeness. Nowhere is the slavery of the horse more severe than at Göttingen. Often, on beholding some poor jade streaming with perspiration, earning its necessary food at the hands of our cavaliers of Rauschenwasser, or drawing a whole waggon-load of students, I have thought, "Poor brute! thy ancestors must surely have eaten the forbidden oats in Paradise."

I fell in with the two youths again in the inn at Nörten. The one was consuming a herring-salad, while the other was amusing himself with the yellow-skinned maid, Fusia Kanina—otherwise *Trittvogel*. After some suitable advances on the young man's part, they were hand and glove at once. To lighten my knapsack, I took out my blue breeches—breeches most memorable from an historical point of view—and made a present of them to the little *Kellner*, called also *Colibri*, or the Humming Bird. The ancient hostess,

Bussenia, in the meantime, brought me some bread and butter, and lamented that she did not see me oftener, for she was very fond of me.

Beyond Nörten the sun was high and bright. No doubt it shone out of kindness to me, and it warmed my head till every unripe thought must have been fully matured. The Sun at Nordheim, too, is not to be scorned; I turned in there, and found dinner just ready. It was all very nicely done, and much more to my taste than the insipid academic messes, the leathery, unsalted stockfish, with its customary cabbage, which had been set before me at Göttingen. When I had somewhat quieted my stomach, I noticed in the same room a gentleman and two ladies, who were about to leave. The gentleman was dressed entirely in green; he wore even green spectacles, which, on his red, coppery nose, produced an appearance like verdigris, and he looked very much as King Nebuchadnezzar must have looked in his latter days, when, according to history, he lived wholly on salad, like a beast of the field. The green gentleman asked me to recommend him to an hotel at Göttingen, and I told him to enquire among the more prominent students for the Hôtel de Brühbach. One of the ladies was his worthy spouse, a large and ample personage, with a square mile of rosy face, with

dimples in the cheeks like Cupid's spittoons, a long, pendant, fleshy double chin, which looked like a clumsy continuation of the face, and a mountainous bosom, fenced about with sharp points and many-toothed festooned necklaces, as with turrets and bastions, till it resembled a fortress, and one which, just as little as those others mentioned by Philip of Macedon, would have held out against a gold-laden ass. The other lady, a sister apparently, formed a perfect contrast to the one just described. If the first were descended from Pharaoh's fat kine, the second as certainly was descended from the lean ones. The face consisted of a mouth between two ears; the breast was as miserably flat as Lüneburg Heath; the whole wasted figure was like a free table for poor theologians. Both ladies asked at once whether respectable people put up at the Hôtel de Brühbach. I answered quite conscientiously in the affirmative, and when the lovely trio—or trefoil—departed, I vouchsafed them a parting salute through the window. Mine host of the Sun smiled knowingly, for he knew that the University lock-up at Göttingen is called the Hôtel de Brühbach.

Beyond Nordheim it begins to be mountainous, and fine eminences rise here and there. My company on the road was mainly composed of pedlars going to

Brunswick Fair; also a swarm of women, each of whom carried on her back a monstrous structure, almost as big as a house, and covered with white linen. These were inhabited by all sorts of singing birds, which kept up a continual chirping and twittering, while their bearers jogged merrily along and chattered one to another.

In pitch-dark night I arrived at Osterode. As I had no appetite for supper, I went straight to bed. I was dog-tired, and slept like a god. In my dreams I was back in the library at Göttingen. I was standing in a corner of the Jurisprudence Room, buried in the study of some ancient dissertations, and when I raised my head I saw, to my astonishment, that it was night, and that the room was lighted with pendant crystal chandeliers. The neighbouring church clock was striking twelve; the door opened slowly, and there entered a stately gigantic female form, respectfully attended by the members and dependents of the Faculty of Law. The giantess, although well in years, bore in her face traces of great former beauty; every glance spoke the Titaness, the mighty Themis. Sword and balance she carried carelessly in one hand, and in the other a parchment scroll; two young *doctores juris* carried the train of her faded grey robe. At her right hand skipped

the slender figure of Hofrath Rustikus, the Lycurgus of Hanover, declaiming passages from his latest legal inventions, and on her left hand hobbled, gallantly and good-humouredly, her *cavalier servente*, Privy Councillor Cajacius, cracking legal jokes and laughing at them so heartily that the grave goddess herself bent smilingly down several times, tapped him on the shoulder with her parchment roll, and said in friendly whisper, "You little rogue! you clip your trees from the top downwards." At this each of the other gentlemen pressed closer with some observation or smirk over some just-hatched little system, or hypothesis, or other such brain-abortion of his own bringing forth. Through the open door streamed a number of strange figures, who gave themselves out as other great men of the illustrious order, for the most part angular, jealous-tempered fellows, who straightway fell to defining, and distinguishing, and disputing over every sub-heading of a Pandect-title. And still more came crowding in—the law-learned of former times, in obsolete costumes and with forgotten faces under white and flowing wigs, sadly astonished that no one regarded them—the legal luminaries of the past century,—and, after their kind, they joined in the hubbub and cry that surged ever more wildly around the feet of the goddess, till she lost

patience, and, in a tone of awful giant-pain, cried out, "Peace, peace! I hear the voice of dear Prometheus, the innocent, riveted to his martyr-rock by jeering power and voiceless violence, and all your clamour avails not to cool his burning wounds or break his fetters!" So spoke the goddess, and rivers of tears flowed from her eyes, the whole assembly howled as if suddenly smitten with deadly anguish, the ceiling cracked, the books tumbled from their shelves, and old Münchhausen stepped in vain from his frame to command silence; the uproar became greater every moment. To escape from this Bedlam broken loose, I rushed into the History Room, and took refuge where stand near together the sacred images of the Belvidere Apollo and the Medicean Venus. I prostrated myself at the feet of the queen of beauty, and gazing on her countenance, I forgot all about the vain turmoil from which I had just fled, my charmed eyes drank in the symmetry and eternal loveliness of her form, a Greek repose stole through my soul, and, like a divine benediction, over my head Phœbus Apollo poured forth the sweetest strains of his heavenly lyre.

When I awoke, there was still a pleasant sound ringing in my ears; the herds were going to pasture, and it was their little bells that I had heard. The

precious golden sun was shining full in at the window and lighting up the pictures on the room walls. These were scenes from the war of liberation, showing clearly what heroes we all were,—and execution scenes from the French revolution time; Louis XVI at the guillotine, and other head-loppings which no one can ever look at without thanking God that he can lie in bed and drink his coffee, and still keep his head comfortably on his shoulders.

I left Osterrode immediately I had had my coffee, dressed myself, read the inscriptions on the window-panes, and generally put things to rights in the inn.

The town has so many houses, sundry inhabitants—several of whom are souls—all of which can be read more at large in Gottschalk's "Hartz Traveller's Pocket Book." Before striking into the main road, I climbed the ruins of the ancient castle of Osterrode. These consist of the half of a thick-walled tower, that looks as if it were devoured by some cancerous disease. The Klausthal road took me up the mountain again, and from one of the first heights I looked back into the valley where Osterrode, with its red roofs, was peeping out from the pine-woods like a moss-rose. The sunshine seemed more kindly and genial than usual. The overhanging side of the half-tower could be seen from here.

There are many other castle ruins in this neighbourhood. Of these the Hardenberg, at Nörten, is the finest. Even if, as in duty bound, one carries his heart on the liberal—the left—side, it is difficult to resist the somewhat elegiac feeling awakened by these rock-nests of the privileged old birds of prey, who have left to their degenerate offspring nothing but their unlimited appetite. The further I went from Göttingen, the softer my mood became. Once more I grew quite romantic, and as I went along I poetized in the following song:—

Rise once more, ye dreams of old time !
Open, heart, thy every door !
Joy of song and tears of sadness
In one stream now strangely pour.

Through the pine-woods I will wander,
Where the joyous streamlet springs,
Where proud stags are freely straying,
Where the speckled throistle sings.

'Mong the mountains I'll go clamber,
Climb each steepest rocky height,
Where the old grey ruined castle
Stands all bathed in morning light.

Silent there I'll sit and ponder
On the things of that old time,
On the fall of mighty races,
Lordliness long since in prime.

Grass now grows where once in tourney
Strove the haughty lord of old,
And o'ercame the doughtiest rival,
Won the prize to have and hold.

Balcony's now lost in ivy,
Where the lovely lady stood
Who o'erthrew the haughty victor
With her glance so pure and good.

Victor now, alas ! and victress
Conquered are by Death's cold hand—
For the withered scythe-knight surely
Stretches all full length in sand.

A little way along the road I fell in with a travelling
prentice who hailed from Brunswick, and told me
that there was a report current there that the young
Duke, on his way to the Holy Land, had been made
prisoner by the Turks, and could only regain his liberty
by paying a heavy ransom. The Duke's long journey

may have given rise to this story. The people still have their traditional love of the fabulous, exhibited so finely in their "Duke Ernest." My news-bearer was a tailor by trade, a delicate little young fellow, so thin that the stars might have glimmered through him, as through Ossian's spirits of the clouds, and altogether an odd compound of good-humour and sadness very common among the people. This showed itself particularly in the drolly pathetic manner in which he sang that queer song:—

"A beetle on a hedge-row sat, hum! hum!"

A fine point in our national character—there is none so crazy but he can find a crazier to understand him. Only a German can *feel* that song, and laugh and weep simultaneously over it. How deep Goethe has sunk into the national existence, I now had occasion to notice. My slender companion was continually trilling out at intervals "*Leidvoll und freudvoll, Gedanken sind frei*" (instead of "*Freudvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein*"). Such corruption of the text is quite usual among the people. He also sang a song in which "Charlotte at her Werther's grave" pours forth her grief. The little tailor quite overflowed with sentimentality at the words:—

“Lone I weep within the rosy bower
Where so oft the late moon lighted us !
Sad I wander by the silver streamlet
Whose low voice to love invited us !”

Then again he was full of brag, and told how “at the workshop at Cassel we have a Prussian who can make songs as good as that himself: he can’t stitch a blessed bit; if he has a groschen in his pocket, he has thirst enough for two, and when he is in the vein he takes the sky for a blue *camisole*, weeps like a spout, and sings songs in double poetry !” I desired an explanation of the last expression, but my little tailor only hopped about with his goaty little legs, and repeated “Double poetry is double poetry.” At last I made out that he meant double-rhymed poetry—that is, stanzas with all the lines rhyming instead of only the second and fourth. In the meantime, between his great exertions and a contrary wind, the knight of the needle had grown very tired. He still, indeed, made great show of going ahead, and bragged of getting all the road between his legs. Soon, however, he began to complain that his feet were blistering, and that the world was far too much spread out, and at last he let himself gently down by a tree, waggled his delicate

little head like an afflicted little lamb's tail, and, smiling sadly, said : " There, poor tenderskin ! I am done up again ! "

The mountains now became steeper, the pine-woods rolled below like a green ocean, and in the blue above sailed fleecy white clouds. The savageness of the landscape was, as it were, toned down by its unity and simplicity. Like a true poet, Nature is not fond of sudden transitions. The clouds, however oddly-formed they may be, are of white or some soft tone that harmonises with the blue of the sky and the green of the earth, so that the colour tones in a landscape blend like soft music, and every natural scene is sedative and peace-giving. That blessed Hoffmann would have had the clouds painted in colours. But, like a great poet, Nature can produce the greatest effects with the smallest of means. These consist of sunshine, trees, flowers, water, and love. Though, indeed, if the last-named be wanting in the heart of the spectator all the rest make but a poor show ; the sun is 40 many miles in diameter, and trees are good for fire-wood, and flowers are to be classed by their stamens, and water is wet.

A small youth who was gathering broom in the forest for his sick uncle, pointed out to me the

village of Lerrbach, whose grey-roofed cottages stretch for a couple of miles along the valley. "Yonder," said he, "live silly crawl-folk and white moors." White moors—the popular name for albinos. The little fellow stood in quite a peculiar relationship to the trees; he greeted them as well-known friends, and they seemed to rustle back his greeting. He piped like a finch, the other fowl answered twittering, and before I could see how it was done, he disappeared into the thickest of the forest, with his bare feet and his bundle of broom. "Children," thought I, "are younger than we are, and can still remember the time when they were trees and birds, and so are in a position to hear and understand the trees and the birds; we grown-up ones, on the contrary, are too old, and have too much care, law, or bad verses in our heads for that." The time when it was otherwise with me came back forcibly to my memory as I reached Klausthal. The clocks were striking twelve, and the children were merrily swarming out of school, when I entered the neat little mountain town, invisible till one is right on it. Dear boys! Nearly all rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed, and flaxen-haired, how they ran and jumped and shouted! They wakened in me a sadly serene remembrance of how I, as a boy in a dreary convent-

school at Düsseldorf, did not dare to stir during the whole precious morning from my wooden bench, and had to absorb the proper dose of Latin, thrashing, and geography. But when at last the old Franciscan clock struck twelve, didn't I shout and rejoice! The children saw by my knapsack that I was a stranger, and made friends with me right hospitably. One of the boys told me they had just been having a lesson in religion, and showed me the Royal Hanoverian Catechism, from which they are questioned into Christainity. The little book was very badly printed, and I was afraid that the lessons conveyed through it would make, so to say, an undeleactable blotting-paper sort of impression on the children's minds. And I was terribly put out to see that the multiplication table, which certainly runs quite counter to the dogma of the Holy Trinity, was printed on the last page of the Catechism itself, thereby inviting the children to an early development of sinful doubt. We are wiser than that in Prussia, and in our zeal for the conversion of our neighbours, who are very well up in counting, we carefully avoid printing the multiplication table on the back of the Catechism.

I had dinner at the "Crown," in Klausthal. There was parsley-soup as green as spring, violet.

coloured cabbage, and a *Kalbsbraten*, a very Chimborazo in miniature, in addition to a sort of smoked herring called *Bückinge*, after the inventor thereof, one Wilhelm Bücking, who died in 1447, and who for his invention was held in such esteem by the Emperor Charles V, that in the year 1556, he travelled from Middelburg to Bievlid, in Zealand, merely to visit the great man's grave. How it heightens the flavour of such a dish to know while partaking of it all the historical details about it! Only the after-dinner coffee was spoiled to me by a young man of great power of speech, who set upon me and swaggered so horribly, that the milk on the table turned sour. He was a young commercial, with five and twenty coloured vests, and as many gold seals, rings, pins, etc., etc. He looked like a monkey who has just got a new red jacket, and remembers to have heard that the tailor makes the man. He had by heart a whole host of charades and anecdotes, which he introduced where they were least appropriate. He demanded what was the news in Göttingen, and I told how, just before my departure, the Academic Senate had issued a decree forbidding, under a penalty of three thalers, the cutting off of dogs' tails, because in the dog-days mad dogs carried their tails between their legs, and were

thus distinguishable from others. After dinner I went my way to visit the mines, the silver works, and the Mint.

At the silver works, as so often through life, I missed the gleam of the silver. At the Mint I was more lucky, and was able to see how money is made. In truth, I have never been able to get past that point. I have always been able to see opportunities—but I believe that if it rained thalers from Heaven, all I should get would be some knocks on the head, while the children of Israel would joyously gather the silver manna. With a feeling in which respect and emotion were comically blended, I took up a shining new-born thaler warm from the press, and addressed it thus : “Young thaler ! What destinies await thee ! How much of good and of evil wilt thou breed in the world ! How wilt thou go to cloak vice and bespatter virtue ! How wilt thou be loved and hated ! How wilt thou help luxury, uncleanness, falsehood, and murder ! How restlessly wilt thou wander about for centuries yet to come, through pure hands and foul, until at last, loaded with guilt and weary of sin, thou shalt be gathered to thy fellows in Abraham’s bosom ! And he will remelt, refine, and reshape thee to a new and better existence. [Perchance to that of an

innocent little teaspoon, with which some great-great-grandchild of mine may do justice to his innocent bread and milk."

The descent into the two principal Klausthal mines, "*Dorothea*" and "*Karolina*," I found very interesting, and must give a particular account of it.

At half-an-hour's distance from the town we arrive at two big dingy buildings, where we are, as it were, taken possession of by the miners. These wear loose, dark, usually steel-blue jackets, made long in front, trousers to match, an apron tied on behind, and a little rimless truncated cone of felt for a hat. In such a suit, *minus* the apron, the visitor is arrayed, and a miner-guide, having lighted his lamp, leads the way towards a dark opening like a cleaning-hole in a chimney, into which he descends till only his head and chest are visible, gives directions about holding fast to the ladder, and bids you follow without fear. The adventure is really not dangerous; but to those unaccustomed to mining operations this is at first hard to believe. It is a peculiar sensation to have to strip and don the dismal convict-like uniform of the mine; and then to have to clamber downwards on all-fours—and the dark hole is so dark—and the ladder—God only knows how long it is! One soon perceives, however,

that it is not one continuous ladder, going down into the dark infinity, but that there are some fifteen or twenty instalments, each of which ends at a little platform where there is room to stand, and another hole, from which starts another ladder, still descending. I began with "Karolina,"—the dirtiest and most unpleasant Karoline I ever made acquaintance with. The ladder-rungs are filthily wet; and it's down, down, down, with the guide before, repeating that there is no danger, bidding you hold fast with your hands and not look at your feet or grow dizzy, or on any account to venture on to that board at the side where those rattling cords are running. And he tells how a careless fellow, a fortnight ago, stepped on to it and fell, and, alas! broke his neck. Down below there is a confused rumbling, and you come continually across beams and cords in motion, drawing up the extracted minerals and the infiltrated water. Here and there we pass through hewn-out passages, called *Stollen*, where the ore may be seen in its native state,* and where the solitary miner sits the whole day through, and laboriously hammers the lumps of ore out of the walls. I did not descend to the lowest depths, from which,

* The word used is "growing."

it is said, you can hear the people in America shouting "Hurrah for Lafayette!" Between ourselves, I thought I had gone quite deep enough. Everlasting humming and buzzing, uncanny machines all in motion, subterranean springs bubbling, water trickling, and sickening earthly odours rising everywhere, and the miner's lamp flickering ever more palely and feebly in the darksome void! It was absolutely bewildering; my breathing became laboured, and it was with difficulty that I could keep a firm grip on the slippery ladder. I experienced no proper sensation of fear, but, strangely enough, there, in the interior of the earth, I remembered that last year, about the same time, I had gone through a storm in the Baltic, and I thought how peculiarly pleasant it was, as the ship swayed now this way and now that, and the winds blew their trumpet-notes, and between whiles could be heard the cheery voices of the sailors—and all was done in God's dear open air. Yes, air! Panting for air, I rushed up a dozen of ladders, and my guide took me by a long narrow gallery cut in the mountain into the "Dorothea" mine. Here it is airier and fresher, and the ladders are cleaner, but longer and steeper, than in "Karolina." Here, too, I began to feel in a better disposition, especially when I began to see traces of living men.

once more. Away in the depths wandering gleams began to show themselves ; miners with their lamps were continually coming up, and, with their friendly "*Glück auf!*" repeated by us, they passed us on their way to the upper air. I was struck as by a pleasantly peaceful, and yet enigmatically painful, reminiscence, with the deep-thoughted clear glances of these men, young and old, with their serious, rather pale, and, by the lamps, mysteriously illuminated faces—men who, in their dark and lonely places, had done their day's work, and were now yearning for the blessed light of day and for the eyes of wife and child.

My cicerone was of a simple-minded, poodle-like German nature. With inward exultation he pointed out the place where the Duke of Cambridge and his following had dined on his visit to the mine, and where still stood the long wooden dining-table and the chair of ore in which the Duke had sat. "May they remain as a memorial for ever!" said the worthy miner, and went on with warmth to tell what rejoicing there had been ; how the whole "*Stollen*" was decorated with lights, flowers, and greenery ; how one of the miners sang and played on the zither ; how the dear, sturdy, well-contented Duke drank a great many healths ; and how many miners, himself in particular, were ready to face death

for the sake of the dear sturdy Duke and the whole House of Hanover.

It always stirs me to the very depths to see in what simple natural tones this sentiment of loyalty finds expression. It is so fine a sentiment, and so truly German! Other people may be sharper, wittier, more entertaining, but there is none so true as the loyal German people! If I did not know that truth is as old as the world, I could imagine it the invention of a German heart! German loyalty! It is no modern stereotyped, flourishing address phrase. In your courts, ye German princes, should be sung and sung again that lay of the faithful Eckart, and the wicked Burgundian who caused Eckart's children to be slain, and still found him true. You have the most loyal of peoples, and are mistaken if you think that the sensible, faithful old hound is going to go mad and snap at your consecrated calves.

Like German loyalty, our little lamp had lighted us quietly and safely, and without much flickering, through the labyrinth of shafts and "*Stollen*;" now we stepped out of the dismal subterranean night; the sunbeams were pouring down—" *Glück auf!* "

Most of the mine-workers live in *Klausthal* and the closely-connected little mountain-town, *Zellerfeld*. I

visited several of these brave fellows, beheld their little domestic arrangements, listened to their songs, which they accompany very prettily on the zither, their favourite instrument, made them repeat the old mine stories, and the prayers which they use in common before they descend into the darkness of the shaft, and joined thereto many a hearty prayer of my own. One old overlooker opined I ought to stay with them and become a miner, and when I left them in spite of that opinion, gave me a message to his brother, who lived in the neighbourhood of Goslar, and a lot of kisses for his dear nieces.

Stagnantly peaceful as the life of these people may seem, it is yet a genuine living life. That ancient palsied crone, who sits behind the stove and gazes at the great chest opposite, may well have sat there for a quarter of a century; and her thoughts and feelings have grown into and round every corner of that stove, and every detail in the carving of that chest. And chest and stove alike are alive, for a man has lavished a portion of his soul on them.

It is only the quiet privacy and retirement of such a life of contemplation which can give birth to those German "*Mährchen*,"—fables whose peculiarity consists in making not merely animals and plants, but also

apparently lifeless objects, act and speak. To these sensitive and harmless people, in the still seclusion of their humble mountain or forest huts, the inner life of such objects is revealed, and they are endowed with a necessary and consequent character, a pleasant mixture of fantastic wilfulness and purely human disposition. Thus in these tales we see, with wonder and yet without astonishment, pins and needles coming from the tailor's workshop and losing themselves in the dark; straws and cabbages that want to cross the brook, and come to grief; shovels and brooms that stand on the stairs, and fall out and kick each other; the looking-glass questioned, showing the face of the most beautiful woman; drops of blood even beginning to utter timid dark words of anxious compassion. For the same reason our life in childhood seems of such infinite significance, everything is of like importance, we see everything and hear everything, and all our impressions are of equal value, whereas in later life we become more purposeful, and concern ourselves exclusively with particulars. We laboriously exchange the pure gold of intuition for the paper-money of book-definitions, and gain in breadth of life what we lose in depth. Now we are grown up, educated and well-bred people, we go into new houses frequently, the maid tidies-up every

day, and arranges our movables according to her own ideas, and we care very little about it, for either the things are new or they may belong to one person to-day and to another to-morrow. Our very clothes remain unknown to us ; we can scarcely tell how many buttons there are on the coats on our backs ; we change as often as possible our various garments, none of which remain long in connection with our inner or outer life-history ; we can hardly remember what that brown waistcoat was like which was once so laughed at, and on whose broad stripes the hand of our beloved rested so lovingly.

— The old woman opposite the great chest behind the stove wore a flowery dress of some extinct species of stuff—the wedding-dress of her sainted mother. Her great-grandson, a yellow-haired, bright-eyed little fellow, dressed in the costume of the mine, sat at her feet and counted the flowers on her dress. And she has probably told him many a little story of that dress, many a meaning but pretty story which he will not forget, but which will come back to his mind when, as a grown man, he shall go to his lonely labour in the dark *Stollen* of Karolina, and which he will perhaps repeat when the dear old grandmother is long dead, and he is a silver-haired failing old man, sitting among

his grandchildren opposite the great chest behind the stove.

I stayed the night at the "Crown," where, in the meantime, Hofrath B. had arrived from Göttingen. I had the pleasure of paying my respects to the old gentleman. Going to enter my name in the visitors' book, and turning over the leaves for the month of July, I came upon the much-cherished name of Adalbert von Chamisso, the biographer of the immortal Schlemihl. The landlord said the gentleman came there in the most horrible weather, which was equally bad at his departure.

The next morning I was obliged to further lighten my knapsack, so threw overboard a pair of boots, lifted up my feet, and went to Goslar. I got there without knowing how. So much only can I remember, that I sauntered uphill and downhill, and looked into many a meadow-valley; silver waters sparkled, sweet woodbirds sang, cow-bells tinkled, trees of various green were streaked with gold by the glorious sun; and over all, the blue silk tent of heaven was so transparent that one could see far into its depths—yea, into the very Holy of Holies, where the angels are sitting at God's feet, and studying harmony by gazing on His face. But I was still living in last night's

dream, which I was unable to banish from my soul. It was just the old story of how a knight goes down a deep well, at the bottom of which he finds the most beautiful of princesses bewitched into a magic sleep. I was the knight, and the well was the dismal Klaus-thal mine; and suddenly there appeared a number of lights, out of all the sidings started the watchful little dwarfs, made angry faces, struck at me with their short swords, blew lustily into their horns, so that ever more and more hurried up, and there was a horrible noddling of big heads. As I struck at them, and the blood began to flow, I saw that they were the red-blossomed, long-bearded thistle-heads which I had cut down the previous day with my stick along the roadside. Then all at once they were all driven away, and I was in a brilliant reception-hall. In the centre stood my heart's beloved, white-veiled, stiff and motionless as a column of stone, and I kissed her mouth, and, by the living God! I felt the bliss-bearing breath of her soul, and the sweet movement of her lovely lips. It seemed to me as if I heard God cry, "Let there be light!" and there shot down a blinding ray of the eternal light; but in the instant it was night again, and all ran chaotically together into one wild, desert sea—a wild, waste sea! Over the fermenting waters fluttered painfully

the ghosts of the departed, their white shrouds flapping in the wind ; behind them chased, with cracking whip, a motley-coloured harlequin—and the harlequin was myself—and suddenly, out of the dark waves, the sea-monsters raised their misshapen heads, and reached at me with their outspread claws ; and for very fear I awoke.

How the finest stories are spoiled sometimes ! By rights, the cavalier, when he has found the sleeping princess, should cut a morsel out of her costly veil ; and when by his boldness the magic sleep is broken, and she once more sits in the golden chair in her palace, the knight should step forward and say, “ O fairest of princesses ! knowest thou me ? ” And then she answers, “ O bravest of knights ! I know thee not. ” And he then shows her the piece cut out of her veil, and it is found to fit exactly, and they embrace each other lovingly, and the trumpets blow, and the wedding is feasted royally.

It is really a peculiar misfortune that my love-dreams seldom have so pretty an end as that.

The name of Goslar sounds so grand, and is connected with so many ancient imperial memories, that I looked for an imposing stately city. But so it is whenever one looks close at what is famous. I found

a nest of mostly narrow, crooked, and labyrinthine streets (through the midst of which flows a little water, probably the Gose), shabby and musty, and a pavement as rough as a Berlineser hexameter. Only the antiquities of the setting, viz., remains of walls, towers, and battlements, give the town something piquant. One of these towers, called the *Zwinger*, has walls so thick that there are rooms hewn in their substance. The place outside the town, where the far-famed Shooting Court is held, is a fair large meadow, with high mountains all round. The market-place is small; in the middle stands a large metal basin, for the water from a spring which rises there. An alarm of fire is given by striking several blows on this basin, which gives out a far-reaching sound. Nothing is known of its origin. Some say that the devil brought it by night and planted it where it now is. People were stupid in those days, and the devil was stupid too, and they each made presents to the other.

The Goslar Council-House is a whitewashed guard-house. The neighbouring Guild-House has a better appearance. At about half-way between the ground and the roof there are statues of the German Emperors, smokily black and touched with gilding, sceptre in one hand and orb in the other; they look like well-roasted

University beaules. One of these emperors has a sword instead of a sceptre. I was unable to ascertain what was the meaning of this difference, for it certainly means something, as the Germans have the remarkable habit, whatever they may do, of doing it with an intention.

I had read a great deal in Gottschalk's *Handbuch* about the ancient cathedral and the famous coronation chair of Goslar. When I enquired for them, I was informed that the cathedral was pulled down, and the chair had been taken to Berlin. "A mad world, my masters!" Thousand-year-old cathedrals are pulled down, and ancient coronation chairs are sent into the lumber-room!

A few curiosities from the old cathedral are exhibited in the Stephanskirche. Wonderfully fine glass paintings, a few wretched pictures, among which should be one by Lucas Cranāch; further, a wooden crucifix and a pagan sacrificial altar of some unknown metal; this latter is in the form of a longish box, and is supported by four caryatides, which in a stooping position raise their hands above their heads and grimace most horribly.

Still more horrible is the already mentioned great wooden crucifix which stands close by. The head, with

natural hair and thorns, and the blood-besmeared face, represent in masterly guise the death of a man, but not of a God-begotten Saviour. It is but bodily anguish that is carved in the face ; there is nothing of the poetry of pain. Such an image belongs rather to an anatomical museum than to a church.


The art-experienced Sextoness who took me round showed me as a great rarity, a many-sided piece of wood, well planed and painted black, and covered with white figures, which hung like a lamp in the middle of the church. Oh, how splendidly it embodies the spirit of invention in the Protestant church ! Who could have thought of such a thing ? The figures on the said wooden lamp are the numbers of the psalms ; they are usually written with chalk upon a black board, and consequently act very little upon the æsthetic sense, while by the aforesaid happy invention they are made the ornament of the church, and fill the place of the often-regretted Raphaels and other pictures ! Such progress gives me the greatest pleasure ; for I—Protestant, and Lutheran as I am—have always been profoundly troubled when Catholic adversaries have spoken scornfully of the empty, God-forgotten look of the Protestant churches.

I lodged at an inn near the market-place, where I

should have enjoyed the dinner better for the absence of mine host, with his long, superfluous face, and his tiresome questions ; luckily I was soon released by the arrival of another traveller, who had to submit to the same questions in the same order : *quis ? quid ? ubi ? quibus auxiliis ? cur ? quomodo ? quando ?* The stranger was an old, weary, worn man, who, as appeared by his answers, had wandered all over the world, had lived a long time in Batavia, made a lot of money and lost it again, and now, after thirty years' absence, was returning to his birthplace, Quedlinburg, "for," he added, "we have a family grave there." Our host, as if he knew all about it, said it was quite indifferent to the soul where the body was buried. "Have you that written anywhere ?" asked the stranger, and therewith appeared round his thin lips and faded eyes some most uncanny, crafty wrinkles. "But," he continued, anxiously softening the impression produced, "for that reason will I say nothing against foreign graves. The Turks bury their dead far more handsomely than we do ; their graveyards are usually gardens, and there they go and sit on the white beturbaned gravestones, in the shade of the cypresses, and stroke their grave beards, and quietly smoke their Turkish tobacco out of their long Turkish pipes. And it is

a downright pleasure to see how the Chinese go man-
nerly round the resting-places of their dead, and pray,
and drink tea, and play the fiddle; and they ornament
the beloved graves quite prettily with all sorts of gilded
lattice-work, little porcelain figures, seraps of coloured
silks, artificial flowers, and tiny coloured lanterns—
everything very pretty. How far have I to go to reach
Quedlinburg?"

The churchyard at Goslar did not please me
greatly. So much the more was I struck by the
beauteous little irresistible face which smiled at me on
my arrival in the town from a rather high ground floor
window. After dinner, I sought the remembered
window once more; but it contained only a glass with
some white bell flowers. I climbed up, took the
pretty little flowers from the glass, and quietly put
them in the band of my cap, and did not trouble
myself about the gaping mouths, stony noses, and
goggle eyes, with which the people in the street,
particularly the old women, gazed at this mild case of
burglary. An hour later, as I passed the same house,
my beauty was at the window, and when she saw the
flowers in my cap, she blushed violently and turned
away. I had now had a better view of the beautiful
face; it was a sweet transparent incarnation of summer



evening mist, moonshine, song of nightingales, and scent of roses. Later, when it was quite dark, she stood at the door. I came by—I approached—she draws slowly back into the dark house-passage; I seize her by the hand and say: "I am a lover of pretty flowers and kisses, and that which is not freely given to me I steal," and suddenly I kiss her, and as she is trying to get away I whisper: "I'm going away to-morrow and may never come back again!"—and I feel her dear lips and little hand make response to mine—and I hurry off laughing. I am obliged to laugh when I bethink me that I have unconsciously used the magic formula by which, rather than by their moustached loveliness, our red-coats and blue-jackets compel the hearts of the women. "I'm going away to-morrow, and may never come back again."

My room had a splendid outlook towards the Rammelsberg. It was a fine evening. Night was riding her black steed, and the long mane was flying in the wind. I stood at the window and contemplated the moon. Is there really a man in the moon? The Slavs say he is named Klotar, and that he causes the growth of the moon by plentiful watering. When I was little, I was told that the moon was a kind of fruit which was plucked by God when ripe, and put into the

great cupboard which stands where the end of the world is nailed up with boards. When I grew taller, I remarked that the world is not so strictly enclosed, and that the human mind has broken through the wooden bounds, and with a rusty Peter's key the idea of Immortality has opened all the seven heavens to itself. Immortality! wondrous thought! who thought thee first? Was it some Nuremberg cit, who, sitting at his door in the warm summer evening, white night-cap on head and white clay pipe in mouth, comfortably opined it would be jolly if he could thus grow—vegetate—into eternity without either his pipe or his breath going out? Or was it some young lover in the arms of his beloved, that thought that Immortality-thought, and thought it because he felt it, and because he could not help feeling and thinking so? Love! Immortality! There was such a sudden glow in my breast, that I thought the geographers had mislaid the equator, and that it must be running through my heart at this moment. And love gushed out from my heart into the wide world of the night with infinite yearning. The flowers in the garden beneath my window gave forth stronger perfumes. Odours are the affections of the flowers, and as the human heart in the night, when it believes itself alone and unobserved, feels more

strongly, so the flowers, sensitive and shamefaced, seem to await the shrouding darkness that they may express their feelings fully, and breathe themselves away in sweet perfumes. Flow on, ye odours of my heart ! And seek beyond yon mountains the beloved of my dreams ! She is surely sleeping now ; at her feet kneel angels, and when she smiles in sleep, it is a prayer that the angels repeat ; her bosom contains all the blessedness of heaven, and when she breathes, my heart afar is moved in like rhythm ; behind her silken eyelashes the sun has gone to rest, and when she re-opens her eyes it is sudden day, and the birds sing and the cow-bells tinkle. and the mountains gleam in their emerald robes, and I buckle my knapsack and depart.

— In these philosophical contemplations and pouring forth of innermost feelings, I was surprised by a visit from Hofrath B., who had only lately come to Goslar, and at no time have I been more sensible of the benevolent disposition of that man. I honour him for his eminent practical sagacity, but still more for his modesty. I found him uncommonly bright, fresh, and vigorous. That he is the latter, he has fully proved by his last work, "The Religion of Reason," a book that charms the rationalists, riles the mystics, and

stirs up the public. I myself am a mystic at present for the sake of my health, for my doctor's last prescription is to avoid all temptation to thinking. But that does not prevent me from recognising the priceless value of the rationalistic labours of a Paulus, a Gurlitt, a Krug, an Eichhorn, a Bouterwek, a Wegscheider, etc. Incidentally they confer a benefit on me by clearing away so much that is evil—particularly ecclesiastical lumber, which harbours so much vermin and foul air. The air in Germany is growing too heavy and hot, and I am often afraid of suffocation, or of being smothered by my co-mystics in the warmth of their affection. So I will not be too hard on the worthy rationalists, even if they do make the air rather of the coolest. After all, nature herself has assigned boundaries to rationalism; it ceases to exist under an exhausted receiver, and also at the North Pole. ✓

That night, at Goslar, there happened to me something very strange. Even now I cannot think of it without being disturbed. I am not timorous by nature, and, God knows, I did not feel any such anxiety when, for example, a naked sword-blade was seeking acquaintance with my nose, or when I lost myself one night in an evil-reputed wood, or when, at

a concert, a gaping lieutenant threatened to choke me. But I am almost as much afraid of ghosts as the "Austrian Observer." What is fear? Does it come from reason or from temperament? I have often discussed this question with Dr. Saul Ascher when I have chanced to meet him at the Café Royal, in Berlin, where I dined regularly for a long time. He always maintained that we are afraid of something, because our reason informs us that it is to be feared. Reason alone is a power, not temperament. While I ate and drank heartily, he demonstrated the superiority of reason. Towards the end of his demonstration he would look at his watch, and he always concluded with: "Reason is our highest principle!" Reason! Whenever I hear the word I can always see Dr. Saul Ascher, with his abstract legs, and close-fitting, transcendental, tallow-coloured coat, and his rugged, freezing-cold face, which might have served as illustrations to a geometrical lesson-book. The whole man, well up in the fifties, was an incarnate straight line. In his striving after the positive, the poor man had philosophised all beauty out of his life, all sunshine, all faith, and all the flowers, till there was nothing left him but the cold positive grave. He had an especial grudge against the Apollo Belvidere and Christianity. Against the latter

he wrote a pamphlet, showing its unreasonableness and its unsoundness. Besides that, he wrote a whole pile of books, in which Reason is renowned for her own excellence, which the poor Doctor meant in all seriousness, and so is entitled to all honour. But the best joke of all was to see the serious foolish face he made when he could not conceive what every child can conceive, just because it is a child. I visited the old reason Doctor in his own house a few times, and found some pretty girls there; for reason does not forbid the pleasures of sense. Once that I went to see him, the servant said: "The Herr Doctor is just dead." I did not feel much more affected than if he had said: "The Herr Doctor is just gone out!"

Now back to Goslar. "The highest principle is Reason," I said to myself, pacifyingly, as I got into bed. But that did not help me. I had just been reading in Varnhagen von Ense's *Deutsche Erzählungen*, which I had brought with me from Klausthal, that horrible story where the son, about to be murdered by his father, is warned by the ghost of his mother. The wonderful working out of the story so wrought on me, that during the reading there went through me an inward thrill of horror. Ghost stories always produce their most powerful effects when they

are read on a journey, and especially by night in a town, a house, a room, to which one is not accustomed. "What horrors may have happened on this very spot where I am lying!" is an involuntary thought very apt to rise. And then the moon shone so ambiguously into the room, on the wall were fitting all sorts of unbidden shadows, and as I sat up in bed to look at them, I saw——

There is nothing more unhingeing than accidentally, by moonlight, to see one's own face in a mirror. At the same instant a heavy-hammered yawning clock began to strike, and it struck so long, and so slowly, that when it reached the twelfth stroke, I felt sure it had been twelve hours about it, and would now have to begin and strike twelve again. Between the eleventh and twelfth strokes there struck another clock, very quick, almost scoldingly shrill, as if angry at the slowness of her gossip. As both the iron tongues became silent, and a deathly stillness reigned in the house, it suddenly seemed to me that I could hear in the corridor, outside my room, something shuffling and toddling along like the uncertain step of an old man. At last my door opened, and in walked slowly the dead and buried Dr. Saul Ascher. A cold thrill ran through every bone and all the marrow in my body;

I trembled like an aspen leaf, and I hardly dared to look at the ghost. He looked just as usual, the same transcendental drab coat, the same abstract legs, and the same mathematical face as of old; except that he was rather yellower than formerly, and the mouth, which used to form two angles of $22\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, was now closely pressed together, and the eye circles had a somewhat longer radius. Waveringly, and, as he used to do, supporting himself on his cane, he approached me, and in his usual dialect addressed me good naturedly: "Don't be afraid, or believe that I am a ghost. It is an illusion of your fancy if you think you see me as a ghost. What is a ghost? Can you give me a definition? Can you deduce me the conditions of the possibility of a ghost? In what reasonable relationship would such an apparition stand to reason? Now, reason, I say, reason;" and the ghost went on to an analysis of reason, quoted Kant's *Critic of Pure Reason* (Part 2, Div. 1, Book II, § 8. *The distinction between Phenomena and Noumena*), then constructed the problematical belief in ghosts, piled one syllogism on another, and finished up with the logical proof that there is no such thing as a ghost. In the meantime, the cold perspiration was running down my back, my teeth were chattering like castanets;

for very anguish of soul, I nodded assent to every proposition by which the ghostly doctor sought to prove the absurdity of a dread of ghosts, and he was demonstrating away so earnestly, that once, in distraction, instead of his gold watch, he pulled out a handful of worms from his watchpocket, and then, seeing his mistake, with comical anxious haste, exclaimed, "Reason is the highest"—the clock struck one and the ghost vanished.

From Goslar I wandered on, next morning, half at random, half with the intention of seeking out my Klausthal miner's brother. Fine, 'glorious, Sunday weather again. I climbed hills and 'mountains, watched how the sun strove to drive away the clouds, wandered cheerily through the shuddering woods, and round my dreaming head tinkled the bell-flowers of Goslar. The mountains were standing in their white night gowns, the pine-trees were shaking the sleep out of their limbs, and the fresh morning breeze was combing their green and pendant hair, the little birds were at prayers, the meadow valleys shone like diamond-set plates of gold, and the herd-boy strode past with his musical flock. I might so easily have lost myself. One always takes to side-roads and foot-paths, and thinks to find a short cut. Just as

through life, so it is in the Hartz. But there are always some good souls at hand to put us in the right way again; they do it willingly, and find a particular pleasure in it when they show us, with well-pleased look and benevolent raised voice, what great circuits we have made, what bogs and thickets we might have got into, and how lucky we are to meet somebody like themselves who knows the country, and to meet them in time. Such a director I found not far from the Hartzburg. He was a well-nourished citizen of Goslar, with a fat, shining, silly-wise face; he looked quite capable of having invented the cattle-plague. We walked a stretch together, and he told me a string of ghost stories which would have been pretty enough but that they all lead to one conclusion, viz.—that there had been no real ghost at all, but the white-robed figure was a poacher; the whimpering voices came from a litter of new-born brook-children (wild pigs); and the scream out of the ground came from the harmless, necessary cat. “It is only when he is sick,” he added, “that a man believes in ghosts; what is his business is to be but seldom sick; now and then he will suffer from skin diseases; but they can be cured with fasting spittle.” He also pointed out the finality and utility everywhere visible in nature.

Trees are green because green is good for the eyes. I admitted all this, and added that the Lord had made cattle because meat-broth was strengthening to man; that he had made asses that they might serve man as bases for comparisons; and that he had made man that he might sup his broth and not be a donkey. My companion was charmed to find one who so cordially agreed with him; his face shone more than ever, and he was quite emotional at parting from me.

So long as he was with me all nature seemed to have lost its charm; as soon as he had left me the trees began to speak again, the sunbeams sang, and the little meadow flowers danced, and the blue sky embraced the green earth. *I* know why God made man: it is that he might admire the splendour of the world. Every author, no matter how great he is, desires that his work may be praised. And in the Lord's own Memoir, the Bible, we are expressly told that he created man for his honour and glory.

After much wandering backwards and forwards, I succeeded in finding the dwelling of my Klausthal friend's brother, passed the night there, and played my part in the following pretty poem:—

I.

On the mountain stands the cottage
Where the ancient miner dwells ;
There, too, murmur dark green pine-trees
And the gold moon's radiance wells.

In the cottage stands an arm-chair,
Glamour-charged and carved so fine ;
Whoso sits thereon is happy,
And that happy lot is mine !

On that footstool sits the maiden,
'Cross my knee her round arms fall ;
Eyes are like two stars of azure,
And a rose the mouth so small.

And those dear twin-stars of azure
Open wide as heaven to me ;
And there's laid a lily finger
On the red rose roguishly.

Nay, the mother does not see us,
For she's spinning fast and fair ;
And the father twangs his zither,
As he sings his old loved air.


And the maiden whispers lightly,
Lightly and with smothered voice ;
Many a weighty secret's trusted
Me, her confidant of choice.

“ Ever since old Aunt was buried,
We are not allowed to go
To the Shooting-Court at Goslar ;
That's too fine for us, you know.

Here it's very, very lonely,
On this chilly mountain-brow ;
And in winter we're completely
Buried-like in ice and snow.

And I am a timid maiden,
And I'm frightened like a child
At the wicked mountain spirits
Who go work when nights are wild.”

Suddenly the sweet voice ceases,
As the words renewed the fear ;
And with both her hands she covers
Those blue eyes so deep and clear.



Soft without the pine-tree murmurs,
Spinning-wheel still snarls and drums,
And the zither mingles with them,
And in same old fashion thrums.

“ Tremble not, thou blue-eyed maiden,
At the wicked spirits’ might,
For the angels, dearest maiden,
Watch o’er thee both day and night.”

II.

Pine-tree with the verdant fingers
Taps upon the window low,
And the watching moon so yellow
Streams down its sweet chastened glow.

Sire and mother, snoring lightly,
In their room their rest now take,
While we two with blissful chatter
Keep each other still awake.

“ That in prayer thou oft art kneeling,
I to think can scarcely dare,
For those lips have not the motion
That’s produced by frequent prayer.

And that cold and scornful smiling
Frightens me almost away,
Though dark anguish sadly quenches
In those eyes each cheerful ray.

And I doubt me, doubt me sorely,
That the true, pure faith thou know'st,
Or believ'st in God Almighty,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ? ”

Ah, my dear, when I a boy was,
Sitting on my mother's knee,
I belived in God the Father,
Good and great, o'er all ruled He.

He the beauteous earth created,
And fair men, that walked thereon ;
And to suns, and moons, and stars all
Set their paths with rigid law.

When I taller grew, my darling,
Then to deeper thoughts I won ;
Reason came and clear conception,
I believed in God the Son.

In God's dearest Son, who, loving,
Manifests His love to us ;
For his love they crucify him—
n this world 'tis ever thus.

Now that I have grown to manhood,
And of books and travel boast,
Faints my heart, and from its deepest
I believe in Holy Ghost.

He has done the greatest wonders,
And far greater yet can do ;
He broke down the tyrant's castles,
And the slave's yoke He broke too.

Ancient deadly wounds He healeth,
Ancient law renews on earth ;
All mankind, by equal birthright,
Are alike of noble birth.

He drives off all poisonous vapours,
All dark phantoms of the brain,
That our love and joy envenom,
And turn day and night to pain.

Thousand knights, mail-clad and armed,
Hath the Holy Ghost enrolled,
To fulfil His sacred purpose,—
Made their souls through courage bold.

Their dear sword-blades flash like lightning,
And their silken banners wave.
—Eh, my darling, would'st thou see them,
These same knights, so proud and brave?

Then look well on me, my darling,—
Kiss me now—and thou canst boast—
For myself am such a soldier,
Chosen by the Holy Ghost.

III.

Now the moon's in silence sinking
Down behind the green pine-tree,
And the lamp within our chamber
Flickers till we scarce can see.

But my dear twin-stars of azure
Beam on me with light more clear,
And the purple rose is glowing,
And now speaks the maiden dear.

“ Little people, tiny man’kins,
Steal whate’er their hands light on ;
Bread or meat at night in cupboard,
In the morning all is gone.

Little people skim our milk-bowl,
Steal our cream—it’s past a jest—
Leave the bowl, too, all uncovered,
So the cat licks up the rest.

And the cat—she is a witch too—
Hies by night, when storm-clouds lour,
Off to yonder haunted mountain,
Or the ancient ruined tower.

There stood once a stately castle,
Filled with joy and bright steel’s glance ;
Shining knights, and squires, and ladies
Mingled in the torchlight dance.

But a wicked witch bewitched them,
Place and folk—then ceased the din.
Now there’s nothing left but ruins
And the owls that nest therein.

1

But the dear old aunt oft told me
How the right word could efface
Magic's spell, when spoken rightly
In the night and in the place:—

Then the ruins re-assemble,
And rebuild the ancient hall,
And the dance once more goes forward,
Knights and dames, and squires and all.

And who speaks that word in season,
He is lord of place and folk ;
Drum and trumpet homage render
Him whose voice the spell has broke."

Thus fresh blooms the old-world fable
From that mouth so rosy red,
And the eyes their blue star-radiance
O'er the ancient story shed.

With her hair, so golden-glorious,
For my hands she forges links ;
Gives my fingers pretty titles,—
Kisses,—laughs,—then silence sinks.

All things in that silent chamber
Look so kindly in my face,—
Chest and table, sure meseems it
As of old I knew the place.

Friendly, grave, the old clock's ticking,
And the zither, I could deem,
Scarcely heard, begins to tinkle ;
And I sit as in a dream.

This must be the proper moment, ,
This the place so high preferred ;
How wouldst tremble, little maiden,
Should I speak the mighty word !

Speak the word—and lo, how twilight
Makes the darksome midnight shake,
Brook and pine-trees murmur lightly,
And the old hill starts awake.

Zithers tinkle, dwarfs sing loudly,
From the very mountain's womb ;
And there springs,—like spring gone crazy,—
Up a very grove of bloom.

Bold-faced flowers, broad leaves ne'er dreamt of
By the wildest human brain,
Fragrant, many-hued, and trembling,
As oppressed by passion's pain.

Roses like to ruddy wild-fire
Sparkle all among the crowd ;
Lilies, like bright crystal columns,
Shoot aloft and pierce the cloud.

And the stars, like suns for bigness,
Gaze on all with yearning glow ;
And the lilies' giant goblets
With their streaming rays o'erflow.

But ourselves, O sweet wee maiden,
Changèd are, and yet more fine ;
Taper-light, and gold and satin,
Round about on all sides shine.

Thou art now a royal lady,
Castle now this cot doth grow ;
And there's feasting, and there's dancing,
Knights, and dames, and squires in row.

And of all I am the master,
Lord of thee, the place, and folk ;
Drum and trumpet homage render
Me—the magic word I spoke !

The sun rose, and the clouds vanished like ghosts at the third cockerow. Uphill and downhill once more went I, and before me went the glorious sun, continually illuminating new beauties for my benefit. The spirit of the mountain was evidently favouring me ; he knew well enough how much of the beauty that he sees a poet like me can reproduce, and he allowed me on this blessed morning to see his Hartz as certainly not everybody can hope to see it. But also the Hartz saw me as very few have ever seen me. On my eyelashes gleamed pearls as precious as those on the grass in the valleys. Love's morning dew moistened my cheeks, the rustling pines understood me, spread their branches and waved them up and down, like dumb folk telling their joy with their hands ; and afar off there was a wonderful, mysterious ringing, like the chimes of some lost forest church. I am told it was only the cow- and sheep-bells that sound so sweet and clear and pure in the Hartz.

It was just mid-day, by the position of the sun,

when I stumbled on a herd of cattle ; and their guardian, a pleasant, fair-haired youth, informed me that the mountain at whose foot I was standing was the ancient, world-renowned Brocken. For miles round there is no house, and I was glad enough when the young man invited me to eat with him. We sat down to a *déjeuner dinatoire*, consisting of bread and cheese ; the little sheep picked up our crumbs, and the nice bright little cows gambolled round us and tinkled roguishly with their bells, and laughed at us with their big friendly eyes. We feasted right royally, and my host seemed a very king to me ; and since he is the only king who ever gave me bread, I will sing him in royal style.

King and lord, the simple herd-boy,
With a green hill-side for throne,
Round his head the glowing sunbeams
Are his massy golden crown.

And the sheep bow low before him,
Weak-kneed flatterers, cross on breast ;
And the calves are his knights errant,—
In their stride what pride's expressed !

Kidlings are his court comedians ;
And the birds, and cows so grand,
With their piping and their ringing,
Are his private music band.

And they ring and sing so sweetly,
And so soft the murmur deep
Of the waterfalls and pine-trees,
That the king soon drops asleep.

Meantime fall the reins of power
To his minister, Sir Hound ;
And his surly growl and barking
Waken all the echoes round.

Sleepily the young king murmurs,
“ Ruling is a heavy task ;
Would that I but now at home were
With my Queen !—That’s all I ask !

In my Queen’s kind arms reposing,
Weary head from kingly helm,
Her dear eyes alone shall show me
My unmeasured, boundless realm !”

✓ We parted amicably, and joyously I climbed the hill. Soon I was received by a grove of towering pines, for which I have a great respect under all circumstances. Growing is generally not easy to these trees; they have to vanquish so many difficulties in their youth. The mountain is strewn with great blocks of granite, and most of the trees have had to send their roots round or over the stones in painful search for earth to furnish sustenance. Here and there the stones lie on the top of one another and form doorways, with trees growing above, whose naked roots hanging down, only reach the soil at the base, so that they seem suspended in the air. Yet they have swung themselves up to that strange altitude, and, as if they had grown into the enclosed stones, they stand more firmly than their easy-going brethren in the tame soil of the flat country. So in life with those great men who, by victory over their early checks and hindrances, have so mightily increased their natural forces. Squirrels were sporting among the branches, and yellow deer were promenading below. Whenever I see one of these lovely, noble animals, I wonder how civilised people can hunt and kill them. Such a beast was once more merciful than men, and gave its milk to save St. Genoveva from starvation.

The golden sunbeams shot most charmingly through the dense dark green of the pines. The roots form a natural stair. Swelling banks of moss everywhere; for the stones are all grown over foot-deep with moss of the most beautiful sorts, like light-green silken cushions. Delicious coolness and a dreamy murmur of unseen springs; here and there one can see how the water is trickling, crystal-clear, under the stones, bathing the naked roots and rootlets of the trees. If, in response to the invitation, one bends down, then the secret growing-stories of the plants may be heard, and the quiet heart-beat of the mountain. In many places the water springs forcibly out from among the stones and roots, and forms little cascades. It is good to sit down there. It murmurs and rustles so wondrously, the birds sing broken snatches of yearning sound, the trees whisper like a thousand girlish tongues, like a thousand girlish eyes the quaint mountain flowers stare at us, and stretch out their wonderfully broad, drolly jagged and cut leaves. The joyous sunbeams glance playfully here and there, the thoughtful little herbs tell green love-stories one to another; everything is enchanted, and it becomes all the while more and more mysterious; an ancient dream comes to life—the beloved appears—alas that she should disappear again so quickly!

The higher one goes up the mountain, the shorter and more dwarf-like do the pines become ; they seem to shrink together till there is nothing left but bilberry bushes and a few mountain plants. The strange groups of granite blocks now first become fully visible ; they are frequently of astonishing size. They might serve as the balls for the evil spirits to play with on the Walpurgis night, when the witches come riding up here on broomsticks and manure-forks, and those queer revels begin that the credulous nurse tells us of, and which may be seen in Master Retsch's illustrations to *Faust*.

There was a young poet who happened once, on the evening of the first of May, to ride past the Brocken on his way from Berlin to Göttingen, and he saw how some literary ladies had established their æsthetic tea-table in a nook of the mountain, and were good-naturedly reading the *Abendzeitung*, praising their poetic he-goats that skipped bleating round the table as universal geniuses, and pronouncing that verdict, from which there is no appeal, on all things great and small in German literature. But when they came to "Ratcliff" and "Almansor," and denied the author all goodness and all Christianity, the young man's hair stood on end—horror seized him ! I put spurs to my horse and galloped away.

In fact, in climbing the upper half of the Brocken it is impossible to avoid thinking of the delightful "Blocksberg" stories in general, and particularly of the great mystical national German tragedy of Doctor Faust. It seemed to me all the while as if old Horsefoot were clattering beside me, and breathing ill-temperedly. For I do believe, the while, that Mephisto himself must be somewhat troubled in his breathing when he climbs his favourite mountain; the road is most exhausting, and I was glad when at last I came in sight of the long-wished-for Brocken-house.

This house, which, as every body knows from the pictures, consists of a ground floor only, and stands on the very summit of the mountain, was built in 1800 by Count Stolberg-Wernigerode, for whose profit it is now maintained as an inn. The walls are built of an astonishing thickness, on account of the winter cold and winds; the roof is low, and in the middle rises a sort of beacon or watch-tower. There are also two small outbuildings, one of which in earlier days served to shelter the visitors to the Brocken.

Going into the house, I had a curious sensation of unreality. After a long and lonely ascent among pines and rocks, here is a house in the clouds suddenly thrust upon the sight; cities, hills and forests are away

down below, and up here we find a wonderfully packed and strange society into which the new comer is received, as is natural in such a place, almost as an expected guest, half curiously and half coolly. I found the house full of people, and as beseems a prudent man, I at once thought of the night, and of the discomfort of a shake-down. With failing voice I ordered tea, and mine host of the Brocken was reasonable enough to see that a sickly creature like me must have a proper bed for the night. This he found for me in a narrow little room, in which a young tradesman, a long emetic in a brown overcoat, had already established himself.

In the common room I found plenty of life and movement. Students from several of the Universities. Some had only just arrived, and were busy refreshing ; others were preparing for departure, buckling their knapsacks, writing their names in the visitors' book, or getting Brocken bouquets from the maids ; pinching of cheeks, singing, jumping, shouting, questions asked and answered—fine weather—the path—do you 'good—good-bye ! Some of the parting guests were somewhat elevated, and so enjoyed the view twice as well as the others—for it is well known that a drunken man sees double.

After I had amused myself sufficiently I went up

into the tower, and found there a little gentleman with two ladies, one young and the other elderly. The young lady was very beautiful. A fine figure, the luxuriant locks covered by a helmet-shaped black bonnet, with whose white feather the winds were playing; the slender limbs were so closely wrapped in a black silk mantle that their beautiful outlines were quite visible, and the wide open eyes gazing down on the wide open world below!

When I was a boy I was always dreaming of magic and wonders, and every beautiful lady who wore ostrich feathers on her head was a fairy queen, and if I perceived that her skirt was wet, I made sure she was a nixie. Now, however, I know better, for I have learnt from natural history that those symbolic feathers are got from the stupidest of all birds, and I know also that a lady's skirt may very easily get wet quite naturally. In my younger days, if I had seen the above-mentioned fair one in the said tower on the Brocken, I should surely have thought, "That is the mountain fairy, and she has just spoken the spell that makes everything look so wonderful." Yes, there is something wonderful in that first glance downwards from the Brocken; every face of our spirit receives new impressions, and these being mostly each unlike

the other, some even contradictory, unite in the soul into one great entangled incomprehensible sensation. If we succeed in getting a clear idea of this feeling, then we recognise the character of the mountain, which is thoroughly German in its failings and its excellencies. The Brocken is German. With German thoroughness he sets before us, as in a giant panorama, the hundreds of cities, towns and villages—mostly lying northward—and mountains, forests, rivers, and plains on every side without end. But, by the same token, they all have the sharp definition and equal illumination of a special map. Nowhere is the eye refreshed by any properly beautiful landscape; just as it comes to pass that we German compilers, from the impartial exactness with which we set down everything, never contrive to give anything in its best view. And the mountain has something of German placidity, reasonableness and toleration; it looks so far and so clear over everything else. And when such a mountain opens its giant eye, it may well see more than we dwarfs who climb on its back with our dim little eyes. Many maintain that the Brocken is very Philistine, and Claudius has sung, "*Der Blocksberg ist der lauge Herr Philister.*" But that is quite a mistake. With his bald head, which he sometimes covers with a cloud

cap, he occasionally assumes an appearance of philistinism ; but, as with so many great Germans, it is only — ironically. It is notorious that the Brocken has fits of boyish fantasticality ; *e.g.* the first night of May. Then he tosses up his cloud cap into the air with a shout, and becomes, like the rest of us, right germanically, romantically crazy.

I endeavoured to draw the fair lady into conversation ; for nature's beauties are not properly enjoyable until we can talk them over on the spot. She was not witty, but remarkably sensible. Showed good breeding. I do not refer to that common, stiff, negative politeness which merely knows what to avoid saying and doing ; but that more uncommon, free, positive culture which informs us what we ought to do and say, and furnishes us, along with all frankness, the greatest social security. To my great astonishment I developed a great deal of geographical knowledge ; named to the curious fair one the various towns that lay before us, and found and pointed them out on my pocket map, which I spread out with quite a professional air on the stone table which occupies the centre of the tower. Some I could not find, perhaps because I sought them more with my finger than with my eye, which was in the meantime directed to the face of the lady,

and discovered places there far more beautiful than Schierke and Elend. This face was one of those which never irritate, seldom charm, and always please. I like such faces, for they smile to rest my evil-disposed heart.

The lady was unmarried, although already in that full bloom which fully justifies matrimony. But it is a daily experience, that the fairest have the most difficulty in getting husbands. It was so even in antiquity, for we know that all the three Graces were left on the shelf.

I could not make out in what relationship the little man stood to the two ladies whom he accompanied. He was a thin, remarkable figure. A little head, sparsely covered with little grey hairs which came over the low forehead down to the greenish eyes, a round and prominent nose; mouth and chin, on the contrary, retreating painfully towards the ears. The whole visage seemed to be made of that soft yellow clay used by sculptors for their first models; and when the thin lips were pressed together, there appeared on the cheeks a thousand fine semicircular wrinkles. The little man spoke never a word, but now and then, when the elder lady spoke to him in a whisper, he smiled like a pug dog with a bad cold.

The elder lady was the mother of the younger one, and also showed good breeding. Her eyes indicated a sickly mysticism; her mouth was surrounded by the strictest piety, but it looked to me as if it had once been very beautiful, had laughed many a hearty laugh, and received and given many a hearty kiss. Her face was like a palimpsest, in which below the fresh, black monkish handwriting of some father of the church, the half-effaced lines of some old Greek love song may still be read. Both ladies and their companion had been in Italy this year, and told me all about the beautiful things they had seen in Rome, Florence, and Venice. The mother talked much of the Raphaels at St. Peter's; the daughter more of the opera at the Teatro Fenice.

Both were charmed with the Improvisatori and their art. Nuremburg was the ladies' native place, but of all its antique splendour they had nothing to say. The graceful art of the Mastersingers, whose last strains were caught for us by worthy Wagenseil, is lost, and the daughters of Nuremberg are left to edify themselves with foreign extempore nonsense and capon-song! Oh! Saint Sebald! but thou art a poor patron now-a-days!

While we were talking it began to grow dark; the wind became colder, the sun sank lower, and the tower

was filled with students, workmen on their travels, and a few worthy citizens with their worthy wives and daughters, who all came to see the sun set. It is a sublime sight, and calls the soul to prayer. For quite a quarter of an hour all stood solemnly silent, and watched the gradual descent of the glorious fireball in the west ; faces glowed in the evening red, hands were involuntarily folded together ; it was as if we stood, a silent company, in the nave of some giant cathedral, while the priest raised high the consecrated body, and the organ poured forth Palestrina's immortal chorale.

While I was thus sunk in contemplation, I heard a voice near me exclaim : " How beautiful is nature in general ! " These words issued from the feeling breast of my chamber-mate, the young tradesman. He served to bring me back to every-day life, and I was ready to say pretty things about the sunset to the ladies ; and then, quietly, as if nothing had disturbed any of us, to escort them to their room. They also allowed me to entertain them for an hour's space. Like the earth itself, our conversation turned round the sun. The mother thought that the sinking, cloud-girt sun was like a glowing rose thrown by the enamoured heaven into the outspread white bridal veil of his beloved earth. The daughter smiled, and thought that a more

frequent sight of such events would weaken their impressiveness. The mother corrected this mistaken idea by quoting a passage from Goethe's "Letters from Abroad," and asked me if I had read "Werther." I believe we also touched on Angora cats, Etruscan vases, Turkish shawls, macaroni, and Lord Byron, from whose poems the elder lady recited some sunset passages, lisping and sighing very prettily. To the young lady, who did not understand English, and wanted to know something of the poems, I recommended the translation of my fair and witty countrywoman, the Baroness Elise of Hohenhausen; and as is my custom with young ladies, I did not fail to enlarge on Byron's godlessness, lovelessness, despair, and heaven knows what beside.

This business over, I went for a walk on the mountain, for it's never quite dark there. The mist was not dense, and I could see the outline of the two hills known as the witch's altar and the devil's pulpit. I fired off my pistols, but there was no echo. Suddenly, I heard well-known voices, and found myself in somebody's arms, and undergoing the process of kissing. It was only some fellow-countrymen who had left Göttingen four days later than I did, and were mightily astonished to find me all alone on the Blocksberg. There was a

general explaining and wondering and agreeing, laughing and reminiscences ; and, in spirit, we were back in our learned Siberia, where civilisation has made such progress, that bears run up scores in the taverns, and the sable says " Good morning " to the huntsman.

Supper was laid in the large room—a long table, with two rows of hungry students. At first nothing but the University conversation staple—duels—duels—duels. As the company consisted mainly of Halleians, Halle was the centre of attraction. Councillor Schütz's gig-lamps were exegetically illuminated. Then it was told how brilliant the King of Cyprus's last reception had been ; how he had recognised a natural son ; how he had made a left-legged marriage with a princess of Lichtenstein ; how he had dismissed the mistress of State ; and how the whole ministry had shed tears and been deeply moved—by order. I need scarcely say that all this referred to the Halleian high-jinks. Then the two Chinamen came on for discussion who exhibited themselves two years ago in Berlin, and have now been appointed *Privatdocenten* in Chinese æsthetics at Halle. Then there were jokes cracked. Suppose a German were to exhibit himself for money in China, and for this purpose got up advertisements in which the Mandarin Ching-Chang-Chung and Hi-Ha-Ho testified

that he was a real German, and in which, further, his accomplishments were set forth—consisting chiefly of philosophy, smoking, and patience ; and finally it was recommended that nobody should take dogs to see him at twelve o'clock—feeding time—because they were apt to steal his best bits.

A young fellow who had recently been in Berlin at the Purification, talked a great deal of that city, but very one-sidedly. He had visited Wisotzki and the theatre ; and judged them both wrongly. “ *Schnell fertig ist die Jugend mit dem Wort,*” &c. He talked about tailors' bills, theatrical scandals, &c. The young man was not aware that, as in Berlin especially, appearances go for more than realities, as indicated in the popular saying “ *Man so duhn.*” This sham life is bound to flourish on the stage. And for this reason the management has to look most particularly to the colour of the beard in which a part is played, and the truthfulness of the costumes, which are designed by sworn historians and stitched by scientifically-trained tailors. Very necessary too. For should Mary Stuart happen to wear an apron of Queen Anne's time, then most certainly would the banker Christian Gumpel have a right to complain that it quite destroyed the illusion ; and if by accident Lord Burleigh should get

into Henri IV.'s breeches, Kriegeräthin von Steinzöpf (née Lilienthau) would be quite unable to forget the anachronism for the rest of the evening. This watchfulness on the part of the government is to extend not only to aprons and trunk-hose, but also to the persons inside them. In future Othello will be played by a real Moor, who has already been ordered from Africa for this purpose by Prof. Lichtenstein, in "Misanthropy and Repentance" Eulalia shall be played by a real runaway wife, Peter by a really stupid youngster, and the Unknown by a real secretly deceived husband—none of whom need be ordered from Africa. In the "*Macht der Verhältnisse*" the hero shall be played by a real author who has really received a couple of boxes on the ear. In the "Grandmother" the artiste who plays Jaromir shall really have robbed—or at least picked pockets. Lady Macbeth shall be played by a lady, who—as Tieck has already demanded—very loving by nature, is yet in some measure familiar with murderous stabbing affrays. And lastly, for the representation of the shallow-pated, witless *canaille* the great Wurm shall be engaged, the mighty Wurm, who enchants his spiritual brethren whenever he draws himself up to his full height—up, up,—every inch a lout.

But if the above-mentioned young man had imperfectly conceived the real position of the Berlin theatre, he had misread altogether the significance of the Spon-
tinianian janissary-opera, with its kettle drums, elephants, trumpets, and tom-toms—that it is an heroic way of inspiring our sleepy folk with warlike ardour, a way slyly recommended long ago by Plato and Cicero. Least of all did the young man conceive the diplomatic importance of the ballet. With much pains I showed him that there is more of policy in Hoguet's feet than in Buchholtz's head, that all his figures are diplomatic negotiations, and every motion has a political meaning; *e.g.*, that when he bends forward longingly with outstretched hands he refers to our cabinet; that he points to the *Bundestag* when he spins round a hundred times on one foot without stirring from the spot; that he has in mind the smaller princes when he trips about as if his legs were bound together; that he indicates the balance of power when he reels like a drunken man—a congress when he twists his bended arms together—and lastly, when he gradually rises from some low position to his full height, remains steady for some time, and suddenly breaks out into the most surprising bounds, he indicates our quite too big friend in the east. The scales fell from the young man's eyes, and

he now perceived why it is that dancers are more honoured than great poets, why the ballet is an inexhaustible subject of conversation to the *Corps diplomatique*, and why a fair dancer is often privately entertained by a minister, who labours day and night to make her favour his little political system. By Apis! how great is the number of exoteric, and how small the number of esoteric theatre-goers! There stand the short-sighted people and gape and admire the springs and whirlings, and study anatomy in Lemièrè's poses, and applaud the caperings of Röhnisch, and chatter about grace and harmony and legs—and nobody sees that there, before their eyes, they have in terpsichorean figures the fate of our German fatherland shadowed forth.

While such nonsense was being bandied about, the main purpose of the gathering was not lost sight of, and the great dishes, which had been conscientiously filled with meat, potatoes, &c., were diligently attended to. But the *cuisine* was not good. I remarked this to my neighbour, who, however, answered with a perceptible Swiss accent, and very discourteously, that we Germans were equally unacquainted with true freedom and true contentment. I answered that the best valets, cooks, and confectioners everywhere are Swiss, and are

preferred to all others; and that the present race of Swiss liberty-heroes, who chatter so much political bravery in public, made me think of hares firing off pistols at a fair so as to astonish the whole world of children and country folk with their bravery—but hares all the same. The son of the Alps certainly had not meant to give offence. “He was a stoutish man—consequently a good man,” says Cervantes. But my neighbour on the other side, a Greifswalder, was much disturbed by these remarks; he protested that German strength and simplicity were not yet extinct, thumped himself noisily on the chest, and took an enormous draught of beer. The Swiss said “Nu! nu!” But the more coaxingly he said it the hotter grew the Greifswalder. The latter belonged to the days when the lice had a good time of it, and the hairdressers began to fear starvation. He wore his hair long and hanging down, a knightly barrett-cap, a black, old German coat, a dirty shirt that served for waistcoat as well, and inside it a locket with a tuft of hair from Blücher’s grey horse. He looked like a life-sized fool. I like to get stirred up well at supper time, so I allowed myself to be drawn into a patriotic dispute with him. He was of opinion that Germany ought to be divided into thirty-three districts. I, on the contrary, maintained that there ought to be

forty-eight, as that would allow of a more systematic hand-book on Germany being written; for it is desirable to connect life and science. My Greifswald friend was also a German bard, and, as he confided to me, was at work on a great national heroic poem in honour of Hermann and the great battle. I gave him many a useful hint for the preparation of this epic. I pointed out to him that he could indicate, very onomatopoeically, the bogs and bad roads of the teutoburgian forest by watery and limping verses, and that it would be a good patriot's thought to make Varus and the other Romans talk pure nonsense. I hope this refinement of art will succeed as well with other Berlin poets—even to complete illusion.

At our table it was getting louder and warmer; wine supplanted beer; punch-bowls steamed; drink and song, between them, completely thawed our ice. "*Der alte Landesvater*," and the splendid songs of B. Müller, Rückert, Uhland, &c., were duly sung to Methfessel's beautiful tunes. Best of all were the true German words of our Arndt, "The God that made the iron to grow, ne'er meant mankind for slaves!" And there was a sound without as if the old mountain was singing with us; some, indeed, who were a little overcome, maintained that it was nodding its old bald pate to

our music, and shaking our room backwards and forwards with the motion. Bottles became lighter and heads heavier—or lighter too. One fellow roared, another sang in his falsetto, a third recited passages from “Schuld,” a fourth spoke Latin, a fifth preached moderation, and a sixth stood on a chair and held forth: “Gentlemen! The earth is a cylinder; the men are pegs on it, scattered apparently at random, but the cylinder revolves; the pegs strike here and there, some often and some seldom, and the tones they produce make up together that strange and intricate piece of music which we call history. So we will consider, firstly, the music, secondly, the world, and lastly, history; the latter, however, we divide into history positive, and Spanish flies.” And so on, a mingled stream of sense and nonsense.

A good-humoured Mecklenburger, who kept his nose in his glass, and with happy smile respired the fragrant steam, made the remark that he felt as if he were once more standing at the buffet in the theatre at Schwerin; another held his wineglass to his eye like a telescope, and seemed to be observing us carefully through it, while the ruddy wine trickled down his cheek, and into his remarkably prominent mouth. The Greifswalder, suddenly inspired, threw

himself on my breast, and cried, "O, dost thou understand me? I am a lover, a happy man, for I am beloved again—and—God damn me!—she is a shapely maiden, and has a fine bust, and wears a white dress, and plays the piano!" But the Swiss wept, and tenderly kissed my hand, and murmured continually, "O Bäbeli! O Bäbeli!"

Through all this confusion, in which plates learnt to dance and glasses to fly, there sat two youths opposite to me, beautiful and pale as marble statues; the one might have been likened to Adonis, the other more resembled Apollo. The rose-tint caused by the wine was scarce to be perceived on their cheeks. They gazed on each other with unspeakable love, as if each could read in the other's eyes, and these eyes beamed as if they had caught a few drops from the bowl of blazing love which a pious angel bears in the heavens from one star to another. They spoke lightly, with voices that trembled with strange yearnings, and told sad stories, through which ran a tone of supernatural pain. "So Lora is dead too!" said one, and sighed; and after a pause he told of a maiden of Halle, who fell in love with a student, and when he left the place refused to speak to any one, and ate very little, and wept day and night, and gazed at a canary-bird that her beloved once

had given her. "The bird died, and soon after poor Lora died too!" So ended the story, and the two youths sighed as if their hearts were breaking, and said nothing, till at last the other one said: "My soul is heavy. Let us go out into the gloomy night! I would breathe the breath of the clouds and the moonbeams! Companion of my sadness, I love thee; thy words, like the rustling of reeds, like rippling streams, find answer in my breast; but my soul is sorrowful!"

And now they rose. One flung his arm round the other's neck, and they left the roaring room. I followed, and saw them go into a dark chamber, where one of them, instead of the window, opened a great clothes-press, and then they both stood with longing outstretched arms, and spoke alternately. "Ye breezes of the dusky night," cried the first, "how refreshingly ye cool my cheeks! How lovingly ye sport with my flowing locks! I stand on the cloudy summit of the mountain, and below in the plain lie the slumbering cities of men, and the blue lakes and streams shine. Hark! down in the valley rustle the pines! Yonder, above the hills, in cloudy forms, hover the ghosts of our fathers. O, could I but ride through the stormy night with you on your cloud-born steeds, over the rolling sea, and far away to the stars! But, alas, I am bur-

dened with pain, and my soul is sorrowful!" The other, likewise with longing arms outstretched to the cupboard, and tears starting from his eyes, spoke with woe-weighted voice to a pair of yellow leather breeches, which he took for the moon: "Beautiful art thou, daughter of Heaven! Gracious is the calm of thy countenance! Thou wanderest on high in loveliness! The stars follow thy blue path in the east. 'At thy glance rejoice the clouds, and their gloomy forms shine in light. Begotten of Night! Who is like thee in the heaven? The stars in thy presence are ashamed, and turn away their green sparkling eyes. Whither fleest thou from thy path when morning makes thy face to pale? Hast thou, like me, thy Halle? Dwellest thou too in the shadow of sadness? Are thy sisters fallen from heaven? Are they no more that wandered the night with thee? Yea, O beautiful light, they fell, and often thou hidest thy face, that thou may'st mourn them unseen. But the night cometh that thou wilt fail, and thy azure paths will know thee no more. Then will the stars lift up their green heads, once so shamed at thy presence, and they will rejoice. But now thou art still clothed with thy beaming splendour, and lookest down from the gates of heaven. Rend asunder the clouds, O wind! that the offspring of Night may shine forth and

illumine the wood-covered hills, and the sea roll in light its foaming waves ! ”

A well-known, not very slender, friend, who had drunk more than he had eaten—although he had absorbed enough meat to satisfy six lieutenants of the Guards and an innocent child into the bargain, as usual—happened to come on the scene at this point, and in quite too good condition (that means quite *en pig*), pushed the elegiac pair into the cupboard somewhat ungently, blundered on towards the house-door, and let himself out with a great deal of noise. The noise in the supper-room was still growing more confused and more monotonous. (The two youths in the cupboard whined and murmured ; they were lying bruised at the foot of the mountain ; each deluged the other in turn with noble blood—of the grape—and one spoke to the other : “ Farewell ! I feel my life-blood flowing away ! Wherefore dost thou waken me, O breeze of Spring ? Thou carressest my face and answerest : ‘ I bedew thee with drops from heaven.’ But the time of my fading is nigh ; the storm draweth near that will strip me of my leaves ! To-morrow the traveller shall come—shall come—that saw me in my beauty, and his eyes shall seek me in vain in the fields.’ ” But above everything else rose a well-known bass voice outside the

door, blasphemously complaining, between curses and hiccup, that there was not a single lamp lighted in the whole dark Weenderstrasse, so that it was impossible to see whose windows a fellow had smashed.

I can carry a good deal—modesty forbids me to set down the number of bottles—and, apparently in good condition, I reached my chamber. The young merchant was already in bed, with his chalk-white nightcap and his saffron-yellow jacket of hygienic flannel. He was not yet asleep, and tried to engage me in conversation. He came from Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, consequently he began at once to talk about the Jews, who have lost all feeling for the beautiful and noble, and sell English goods twenty-five per cent. below the makers' prices. I conceived a great desire to mystify him somehow, so I told him I was a somnambulist, and must ask his kind forgiveness beforehand if I should happen to disturb his sleep. The poor fellow, as he afterwards confessed to me, got no sleep the whole night, for he was afraid that I might do some mischief with my pistols, which I had laid by the bedside. { At bottom I was not much better off than he was, for I slept very badly—through deserts and all sorts of distressing scenes. A pianoforte edition of Dante's *Inferno*. At last I

honestly dreamt that I was present at a performance of a juridical opera called *Falcidia*, the succession-law text by Gans, and the music by Spontini. It was a mad dream. The Roman Forum, splendidly lighted up: Serv. Asinius Goschenus in his chair as Prætor, draping himself in the proud folds of his *toga*, poured forth his soul in rumbling recitatives; Marcus Tullius Elversus, as *prima donna legataria*, displaying all his charming femininity, sang the bravura air, *Quicunque civis Romanus*; brick-coloured referendaries roared away as a chorus of minors; college tutors, in flesh-coloured tights, danced a pre-Justinianite ballet, and crowned the twelve tables with flowers; amid thunder and lightning the offended spirit of Roman legislation rose from a trap; whereupon there was much trumpet, tom-tom, red fire, *cum omni causa*.

From all this uproar I was roused by mine host of the Brocken that I might rise and behold the sunrise. On the tower platform I found a few shivering creatures rubbing their cold hands together; others, with sleep still in their eyes, came tumbling up; at last the whole of last night's company was once more gathered together, and silently we watched a little crimson ball rise from the horizon, a wintry gloaming spread over the scene, the mountains were whelmed in a white seething

ocean, till only their very summits were visible. We seemed to stand on a small eminence above an inundated plain, in which, here and there, there was a dry spot rising above the rest. The scene and sensation to record, I wrote the following verses :—

Clearer grows it now to eastward,
With the sun's yet feeble gleaming,
Far and wide the mountain summits
In a cloudy sea are swimming.


Had I but the seven-league boots on !
With the speed of wind scent-laden,
I'd stride past these mountain summits
To where dwells my dearest maiden.

From the pillow where she slumbers
Would I lightly draw the curtain,
Light a kiss on brow deposit,
And on ruby lips, for certain.

Still more lightly should the whisper
In the lily ear be darted :
“ Think in dream that I still love thee,
And that we twain ne'er were parted.”

Meanwhile my longing for breakfast was very great, so after some courtesies to the ladies I hurried down to get some coffee in the warm room. Very necessary too ; my stomach was as bare as the Stephanskirche at Goslar. But with the Arabian beverage the warm Orient flowed through my veins ; eastern roses blew round me, sweet bulbul songs were warbled, the students were transformed into camels, the waitresses, with their rocket glances, became houris, Philistine noses became minarets, &c.

However, the book which lay near me was not the Koran, though indeed it contained quite enough of nonsense. It was the so-called Brockenbook, in which all those who climb the mountain are expected to sign their names—the majority add thereto some of their thoughts—or, if they have none, they try to describe their feelings. Many express themselves in verse. Here may be seen what horrors are perpetrated when the great Philistine army seizes some common opportunity, as here on the Brocken, to become poetical. The palace of the Prince of Pallagonia contains no such insipidities as this book. Here, in full glory, shine the excisemen with their mildewed feelings, counter-jumpers with their pathetic gushes, old German revolution *dilettanti* with their tournaments, &c., Berlineses



schoolmasters with their unhappy stereotyped phrases of delight, &c., &c. Herr Johannes Hagel turns author for once. Here is described the majesty of sunrise ; there bad weather is complained of, or disappointed expectations, or clouds that shut out all prospect. "Beclouded we came, and beclouded departed," is a standing joke, cracked here for the hundredth time. [Caroline writes that she got her feet wet in the ascent. Innocent Jenny repeats this complaint, and writes laconically: "The same wet story will do for me."}] The whole book reeks of cheese, beer, and tobacco, like one of Clauren's novels.

While I, in manner aforesaid, was drinking my coffee and turning over the Brockenbook, in came the Swiss with glowing cheeks and full of wonderment, and told of the splendid sight which he had enjoyed from the top of the tower, as the pure, calm light of the sun, emblem of truth, battled with the cloudy hosts of night. It was like a spirit battle, in which raging giants stretched out their long swords, and knights in armour rode about on prancing steeds, and war-chariots, and fluttering banners, and queer animal forms plunged about, till at last they all melted into one another, became paler and paler, and vanished into thin air. I had missed this natural demagogic

demonstration, and should it ever come to an investigation, I can testify on oath, if need is, that I know nothing about it or anything else but the taste of the good brown coffee. This last was, alas! the cause of my forgetting my beautiful lady, and there she was, standing at the door with her mother and companion, just stepping into the carriage. I had barely time to hurry out and assure her that it was very cold. She seemed vexed that I had not come sooner, but I quickly smoothed out the angry wrinkles on her forehead by presenting her with a wondrous flower, which I had gathered the previous day, at the risk of my neck, from a steep cliff-side. The mother wanted to know the name of the flower, as if she thought it improper that her daughter should place on her breast a strange unknown flower—for really the flower received that most desirable and enviable promotion, a thing it could not have dreamt of yesterday on its lonely height. The silent companion at last opened his mouth, counted the stamens in the flower, and said drily, "It belongs to the eighth class."

It makes me angry to see God's dear flowers divided, like ourselves, into castes and classes, and that according to similar externalities, such as differences in the number of stamens. If there is to be a classification,

let Theophrast's proposal be adopted, to class them rather by their spirit, that is to say, by their odour. For my part, I have my own system in natural science, and divide everything into what we can eat and what we can't.

However, the elder lady seemed quite awake to the mysterious nature of flowers, and she observed, involuntarily almost, that she loved them when growing in a garden, or even in pots, and took great pleasure in them ; but she never saw a plucked flower without feeling a slight dreamily-painful sensation—it was like a corpse—and a broken flower-corpse would droop its poor faded head like a dead child. The lady was almost shocked at the gloomy tone of her own remark, and it was my duty to neutralise its effect with a few lines of Voltaire. How thoroughly a couple of words of French will bring us back to *les convenances*. We laughed, hands were kissed, gracious smiles were interchanged, the horses whinnied, and the carriage jolted slowly and uneasily down the mountain.

And now the students were showing signs of moving. Knapsacks were buckled on ; bills, beyond all expectation moderate, were settled ; the maidens of the house, with the traces of happy love on their faces, brought, according to custom, the Brocken flowers, and helped

to fix them on our caps, and were gratified with kisses or groschen. And so we all started down the mountain; but some, among whom were the Swiss and the Greifswalder, took the road to Schierke, and the rest, to the number of about twenty, including my countrymen and myself, headed by a guide, made through the so-called "Snowholes" for Ilseburg.

It was a headlong rush. Halle students walk more quickly than the Austrian landwehr. Before I knew anything about it, the bare part of the mountain, with its groups of stones, was far behind us, and we were traversing a pine-wood, such as I saw yesterday. The sun poured down his joyous beams, and lighted up the queer motley costumes of the youths pressing so merrily through the thicket, now out of and now in sight, crossing boggy places at a run over the trees laid for that purpose, climbing down steep places by the help of the creeping roots, shouting aloft in tones of the most thorough enjoyment, and receiving equally joyous answer from the forest birds' twitterings, from the rustling pines, and the invisible chattering streamlets, and the clear ringing echo. When joyous youth and beautiful nature meet, the rejoicing is mutual.

The lower we descended the more pleasantly did

the underground streams murmur; here and there, between stones and bushes, they glanced out, and seemed to be on the watch for an opportunity of coming into the light, and at last a small stream sprang boldly forth. And now behold the usual exhibition; one bolder than the rest makes a beginning, and the whole timid crowd is suddenly, to its own astonishment, inspired with courage, and hastens to join the leader. A host of other springs now hastily leapt from their concealment, united with the one that appeared first, and soon formed an important little brook, which, down numberless falls and by wondrous windings, found its way down the mountain valley. It is now the Ilse—the sweet, the lovely Ilse. It flows through the heaven-blessed Ilsethal, along whose sides the mountains attain to ever greater and greater heights, and are clothed to their feet, for the most part, with beeches, oak, and similar timber—no longer with pines and other *needle-woods*. For these leaf-bearers are in the *Unterhartz* the principal growth; the east side of the Brocken is called the *Unterhartz*, in contradistinction to the western side, called the *Oberhartz*, which is really much higher and more adapted to the habits of the *conifera*.

It is impossible to describe with what frolicsomeness, *naïveté*, and grace the Ilse throws itself over the

queerly-shaped cliffs that it finds in its way. Here, the water hisses wildly upwards, or runs foaming over; there, it flows from all sorts of stone clefts, as if from full urns, in clear smooth curves; and anon trips like a merry maiden over the little stones. Yes! the legend is right—the Ilse* is a Princess who runs laughing and blooming down the mountain. How her white foam-robe gleams in the sunshine! How her silver breast-bands shine! How her diamonds sparkle and flash! The tall beeches stand by like serious elders, smiling privily at the wilfulness of the lovely child; the white birches bear themselves like kindly aunts, pleased and yet affrighted at the venturesome leaps of the youngster; the stiff-necked oaks look like morose old uncles who will have to pay the piper; the little birds aloft chant forth their approbation; the flowers along the banks whisper tenderly, “O take us too, O take us too, dear Sister!” But the joyous maiden rushes on uncontrollably, and suddenly she takes possession of the dreaming poet, and there pours down on me a flowery deluge of tinkling beams and beaming sounds, and my senses forsake me for very ecstasy, and I hear nothing but the flute-toned voice:—

* Ilse—the pronunciation is very nearly represented by Il’za.

Oh, I am the Princess Ilse,
And dwell in the Ilsenstein ;
How blest we'll live together
In yonder castle of mine !

Thy burning brow I'll lave it,
My waves are clear and bright,
Thou shalt forget thy anguish,
Thou care-sick, comfortless wight !

In my white arms reposing,
And on my fair white breast,
There shalt thou lie, and thy dreaming
With fable-joy be blest.

I'll hold thee fast and kiss thee,
As once I kissed and held fast
My loving Kaiser Henry,
Who died in days long past.


They who are dead are done with,
The living must play their part ;
And I am fair and lusty,
Fast beats my laughing heart.

With every beat my heart gives
My crystalline walls ring out,
And dance the knights and ladies,
And shout the rabble rout.

The silken robes are rustling,
And ringing bright spurs are worn ;
The dwarfs are trumpeting, drumming,
And fiddling and blowing the horn.

My arm shall twine around thee,
As it King Henry enwound ;
I closed his ears with my fingers
Against the trumpet's sound.

Endlessly blissful is the sensation when the phenomenal world blends with our internal consciousness, and green trees and thoughts, bird-music and sadness, heavenly blue and memory and the scent of herbs combine to form the sweetest of arabesques. Women know this feeling better than men, and that is why such a graciously incredulous smile hovers round their lips when we boast with schoolboy pride of our logical prowesses, how prettily we have divided everything into objective and subjective, and how we have furnished our heads, like an apothecary's shop, with an




infinity of pigeon-holes, which contain, the one our reason, another our intelligence, a third wit, a fourth false wit, a fifth nothing at all, viz., the idea.

Walking on and on, like one in a dream, I scarcely noticed that we had left the deepest of the valley of the Ilse, and were going uphill again. But it soon became stiff work, and troubled the breathing of some of us. However, like our blessed Vetter, who lies buried at Mölln, we thought on the going down again, and were the less discontented. At last we reached the Ilsenstein.

The Ilsenstein is an enormous granite cliff, which rises high and boldly out of the valley. It is enclosed on three sides by the lofty wooded mountains, but on the fourth or northern side it is open, and you may look far and wide into the lower lying country over Ilsenburg and the river. On the towerlike point of the rock stands a great iron cross, and there is room, at need, for four human feet beside.

In addition to the fantastic charms of form and position bestowed by nature, legend has thrown over the Ilsenstein her rosy glow. Gottschalk says: "It is reported that there once stood here a magic castle, in which dwelt the beautiful and wealthy Princess Ilse, who still bathes every morning in the river; and whose is fortunate enough to hit the right moment is taken

by her into the cliff, where her castle is, and royally entertained." Others tell a pretty story of the love-making of the Fräulein Ilse and the Knight of Westenburg, which has been romantically sung by one of our best-known poets in the *Abendzeitung*. Others, again, say that it was the old Saxon Kaiser Henry who passed the royalest hours with Ilse, the beautiful waterfay, in her enchanted castle in the cliff. A later writer, however, the aristocratic Herr Niemann, who has written a book of travels in the Hartz, in which, with praiseworthy diligence and strictest accuracy, are set down the altitudes of the mountains, the variations of the compass, the indebtedness of the towns, and the like, says expressly, "What is told of the Princess Ilse is purely fabulous." So say all those to whom such a princess has never appeared, but we, who are more favoured by the fair, we know better. And Kaiser Henry knew it too. Not for nothing did the old Saxon emperors hold so fast to their homely Hartz. Only go and turn over that pretty Lüneburg Chronicle, in which the good old lords live again in the wonderfully true-hearted old woodcuts, with their harness and their tall war-horses, and the sacred imperial crown on their dear old heads, and sceptre and sword in their firm old hands; and in the pleasant bearded faces you




will plainly read how often they have yearned from foreign lands for the kind heart of their Hartz princess and the homely rustle of the Hartz woods—aye, even from the citron-bearing and venomous southern realm into which they and their successors were so often drawn by the desire to be called Roman Emperors—a proper German desire for titular distinction, which brought ruin both to people and emperor.

But I would advise anybody standing on the point of the Ilsenstein not to think of either emperor or people—nor even of the beautiful Ilse—but to give all possible heed to his feet. For, as I stood there lost in thought, I suddenly heard the underground music of the magic castle, and I saw how the mountains round were standing on their heads, and the red-tiled roofs of Ilsenburg began to dance, and the green trees flew about in the blue sky, and it was all blue and green together before my eyes, and I surely should have fallen with giddiness, but that in my dire distress I held fast to the iron cross. And I am sure no one will think the worse of me for so doing in such a critical moment.*

* Instead of this last sentence, the French edition has :
“It is not always good either for himself or his reader that the traveller should be a poet.”

The "Hartz Journey" remains a fragment, and the many-hued threads so deftly enwoven that they might vanish in the finished harmony of the whole work, are suddenly snapped off, as by the shears of the inexorable *Parcæ*. I may perchance, in future singing, make use of them once more, and weave a further web from them—and then what is here somewhat darkly hinted at will find its full expression. In the end it is all one—the when and the where a thing is said—so that it is said somewhere and somewhen. The separate works may remain all fragments, if but their conjunction form a whole. Such union will here and there fill up deficiencies, smooth down what was rugged, and soften what was crude and harsh. This would, perhaps, already be the case with the earlier pages of the "Hartz Journey," and they might produce a less disagreeable impression if it could be felt from other sources that the dislike which I have for Göttingen in general—although far stronger than anything I have said can make manifest—falls far short of the reverence in which I hold some of its citizens. And why should I conceal it? I am here referring to that very dear friend who in days gone by so kindly interested himself in me, infused into me an intense love for the study of history, and in later days sustained and



strengthened my ardour for it, and thus led my mind into more tranquil ways, gave a healthier direction to my faculties, and, above all other boons, prepared for me those historical consolations without which I should be unable to bear the pain of these gloomy days. I speak of Georg Sartorius, the great historic searcher and the great man, whose eye is a bright star in our dark time, and whose hospitable heart is always open to the joys and sorrows of others, to the cares of beggars and of kings, and to the last sighs of expiring nations and their gods.

I cannot refrain from remarking here, that the Upper Hartz, that part of the Hartz which I have described up to the beginning of the valley of the Ilse, has a far less cheerful air than the romantically picturesque Lower Hartz, and with its savage, pine-clothed, gloomy beauty, contrasts most powerfully with the latter. Also, that the three valleys formed in the Lower Hartz by the Ilse, the Bode, and the Selke, contrast very pleasantly with each other, if one only is able to personify them. They are three comely maidens, and it is not so easy to decide which is the fairest.

Of the sweet and lovely Ilse, and how sweetly and lovingly she revealed herself to me, I have already

spoken and sung. The dark beauty, the Bode, did not receive me so graciously, and when I first beheld her in the stithy-black Rübeland, she seemed quite out of temper, and hid herself in a silver-grey veil of rain; but with sudden love she threw it off as I reached the heights of the Rosstrappe, her countenance beamed on me in sunniest splendour, from every feature exhaled a colossal tenderness, and from the constrained breast of the cliff burst forth sighs of longing and melting sounds of sadness. Less tenderly, but more joyously, the beauteous Selke greeted me, as might a beautiful and amiable lady, whose noble simplicity and serene repose could hold aloof all sentimental familiarity, but whose merry disposition was betrayed by a half-hidden smile. And to this circumstance I must ascribe it that in the valley of the Selke I met with so many small mishaps. I tried to jump across the stream, and plumped right in the middle, and when afterwards I would have changed my wet foot-gear for dry slippers, only one of them came to hand, or to foot; the wind carried off my cap, and the brambles tore my legs, and so on. But I can forgive the fair lady all these little tricks, for she is fair. And now she stands before my mental vision with all her tranquil charm, and seems to say: "If I *did* laugh, I meant it all in

kindness, and I hope you will not refuse to sing me." And at the same time the stately Bode steps forward in my remembrance, and her dark eye speaks: "Thou art like me in pride and in pain, and I will have thee love me." And then springs up the lovely Ilse, elegant and enchanting in mien, form, and movement; she is like the sweet being that blesses me in dreams, and, like her, she regards me with irresistible indifference, and is yet so intensely, so eternally, so transparently true. Now am I Paris, and the three goddesses stand before me, and I give the apple to the beautiful Ilse.

To-day is the first of May; like a flood of life, Spring pours itself over the earth; the white bloom-foam remains hanging on the trees; a soft warm mist spreads over everything; in the town the window-panes are twinkling pleasantly, while above, in the roofs, the sparrows are rebuilding their nests; people wander in the streets, and wonder at the pleasantness of the time and their own good temper; motley-habited girls are selling bunches of violets; the foundlings, with their blue jackets and their dear little base-born faces, are playing hop-scotch, and rejoicing as if they should all find their fathers to-day; the beggar on the bridge looks as pleased as if he had won the first prize in the

lottery; even on the black, still unhung broker, with his roguish face—as much a manufactured article as anything that he sells—even on him the sun shines down in the most tolerant fashion. I will out o' gate.

It is the first of May, and I am thinking of thee, O fairest Ilse! or shall I say “Agnes,” because I love that name best? I am thinking of thee, and longing to see once more how thou glintest down the mountain—better still, to wait in the valley and receive thee in my arms! A splendid day! I see green everywhere, the colour of hope! Everywhere, like sweet wonders, flowers are springing, and my heart, too, will bloom again, for it also is a flower and altogether wonderful. It is no modest violet or laughing rose, no purest lily or other that with kindly loveliness rejoices a maiden's eye, and prettily lies on the pretty breast, and fades away to-day to bloom again to-morrow. My heart is rather like that strange heavy flower from the forests of Brazil, which is said to bloom only once in a hundred years; I remember seeing such a flower when I was a boy. In the night we heard an explosion like a pistol-shot, and on the following morning our neighbour's children told me that it was their “aloe” which had suddenly come into bloom with that report. They took me into their garden, and there I saw, to my

wonderment, that the hard, dwarfish thing, with foolishly broad and sharp-toothed leaves, on which it was quite easy to hurt one's self, had shot aloft, and bore up above, like a golden crown, the lordliest of blooms. We children could not reach high enough to see it well, so old smiling Christian, who was fond of us, built a wooden scaffold round the flower, and we climbed up like cats, and gazed curiously into the great cup from which the yellow radiance and strange wild perfume poured forth in glory till then undreamt of.

Yes, Agnes, not often nor easily does my heart blossom ; as well as I can remember, it has only done so once, and that seems so long ago that it might well be a hundred years. I believe, however finely its blossom may have developed itself then, it must have perished miserably for want of sunlight and warmth, if it had not been violently destroyed by a dark storm of winter. Now, however, it is stirring and pressing in my breast again, and if thou hearest a sudden shot, fear not, O maiden ! I have not shot myself, but my love has burst its sheath, and sprung upwards in streaming song, in eternal dithyramb, and in most joyous fulness of life.

If this tall love is too high for thee, sweet maid, I

will make it easy for thee ; so mount the wooden scaffold, and thence look down into my blooming heart.

It is yet early in the day. The sun has hardly run the half of his course, and the perfume from my heart is so strong that it has got into my head, and I cannot tell where irony ceases and heaven begins. O ! to people the air with my sighs—that I might dissolve into sweet atoms, into the uncreated Godhead ! but that can only be when the night comes and the stars are abroad in heaven—“ The bright unhappy stars, that can to thee unfold—”

It is the first of May ; the veriest stupid of a counterskipper has a right to grow sentimental to-day, and shall it be denied to the poet ?

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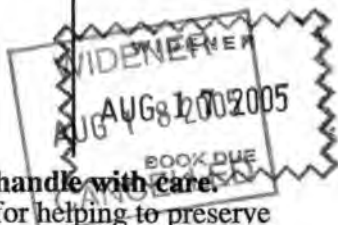
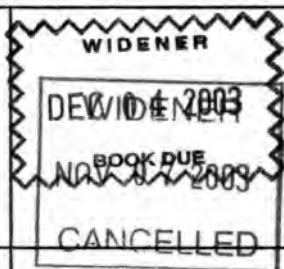


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